

ERN ^{PR} HORIZON

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Volume I Number 5

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EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

VOLUME I NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 1960

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LETTERS

WHAT IS NATIONAL CULTURE?

It would be instructive to elicit the views of readers on this question.

Wherever I chat with school children in Hong Kong about their lessons, they mostly complain of the Chinese classics they have to learn, so different from their common everyday life and tongue, and of course nothing like so entertaining or easy as reading comics or westerns. Poor children.

In this modern age, however much one may love the Chinese classics, there seems little doubt they had become archaic. Yet an experienced teacher, non-Chinese, was telling me only the other day that ramming this stuff down young throats here was his main tribute to the conservation of China's national culture. Very laudable ambition: but is he not mistaking a part, and that an ancient one, for the whole?

The aim of this letter is getting obscured by its lengthy introduction. It is a proposal to induce friends to contribute brief summaries of the indigenous culture of individual Afro-Asian nations for the enlightenment of readers of *Eastern Horizon*.

A more ambitious project, in the matter of course, would be to gather for each nation a band of stalwarts from every walk of life—biologists, archaeologists, historians, philosophers, poets, artists, artisans, workers, farmers, soldiers, sailors, airmen, technicians, scientists, doctors, engineers, social workers, politicians, administrators, lawyers, statisticians, businessmen, religious workers, etc., of whom the most important qualification would be age, e.g., each profession to be represented by three persons, one each from the age-groups of 21-30, 31-40 and 41-50, to agree upon what they consider of value in their nation's culture.

The scope and meaning of culture as outlined will necessarily be very wide, an objective appraisal of a nation's evolution through the ages in every walk of life by modern young minds and a definition of their national culture.

In the meanwhile, will someone not start with any nation?

Hong Kong

WONG MAN

TEA AND CHINESE LANDSCAPE

I wish to thank you warmly for the first two issues of your new journal. They have made interesting reading. I have long missed *T'ien Hsia Monthly* which flourished before the war, and hope *Eastern Horizon* will be able to take its place.

The essay by Edmund Blunden, 'China in English Literature,' makes me wish to make one tiny correction and raise one question which I trust one of your readers can answer.

After quoting Alexander Pope's famous lines:

*Here thou, great ANNA! whom three
realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and some-
times Tea;*

the author writes: 'The French pronunciation helped the versifier there.' I doubt if this is correct. The pronunciation *tay* or *thé* seems to have come directly from the Amoy dialect and was current widely in England as well as Western Europe in those days (1711). Compare Yule and Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson* (1903), p. 905.

Now my question. During the month of September I had the pleasure of visiting the Lake District in England, and while there read Thomas De Quincey's *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets*. In one paper which appeared in *Tait's Magazine* in January 1840 occurs this comment in a footnote (see the Everyman's Library edition, p. 244, note 2):

... the art of landscape painting did not exist (except in a Chinese infancy, and as a mere trick of inventive ingenuity) amongst the finest artists of Greece.

We all know now of the centuries-long development of landscape painting in China with its culmination in the great scapes of the Sung period before its slow emergence in Europe of later times. But where did De Quincey gain this intelligence? Perhaps Mr Blunden knows the answer.

L. CARRINGTON GOODRICH

Columbia University,
New York

[EDMUND BLUNDEN writes: *As for Dr Goodrich's letter, which is welcome:*

(1) The pronunciation of Tea in A. Pope's rhyme might well be direct from the Amoy dialect, but perhaps the 'tee' pronunciation is the puzzle, (it may have been solved long ago; if not, let linguists examine the question. After

all, it relates to a subject of immense importance, though summed in a monosyllable).

(2) When Charles Lamb was writing officially to Canton perhaps every week, and when China 'jars' had been known in England since Shakespeare's time, we can take it that screens and scrolls had made Chinese landscape pictures tolerably familiar to the man of taste. But I have another and a closer comment which only requires a quotation from page 69 of the new edition of 'Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth' (by Helen Darbishire, Oxford University Press, 1958). On November 22nd, 1800, 'After visiting Mr Peach's Chinese pictures we set off to Grasmere.'

Alas, we have no information concerning Mr Peach, but Miss Darbishire at Dove Cottage probably has—and would be happy to display the very pictures.

In general, it seems to me that Charles Lamb's essay 'Old China' covers a wider field than its literal reference does.]

FROM HELSINKI

We have received your interesting periodical and we are proposing you a continuous exchange with our *Studia Orientalia*. We shall send to you today Vol. 24, and hope that you would accept our offer of exchange.

HENRI BROMS,
Librarian

Societas Orientalis Fennica,
Helsinki,
Finland

FROM FAR EAST TRADE

Thank you very much for sending us the first copy of *Eastern Horizon* which has just reached us.

We should like to take this opportunity of sending best wishes to yourself and Mr S. Y. Wong. We hope your circulation will prosper and that your influence in making a contribution to East/West communications will come to be widely known. We shall review it in the magazine.

I presume you do know our magazine. We have today sent to you under separate cover our November issue and will continue to send it to you regularly. Would you be kind enough in turn to reciprocate with sending us regularly a copy of *Eastern Horizon*. Again with best wishes.

LAURENCE G. FRENCH,
Editor & Managing Director,
Far East Trade

Laurence French Publications, Ltd.,
London

FROM UNIVERSITÉ DE TUNIS

Nous recevons ce jour votre lettre du mois de dernier. Votre revue nous interesse et nous vous demandons de vouloir bien nous en adresser quelques spécimens si possible en langue française ou bien en anglaise. Pour nous permettre de conclure l'échange, nous vous expédions, par poste, un numero de nos *Cahiers de Tunisie* (le No. 21/22) qui est le périodique édité par l'Université de Tunis, vous voudrez bien trouver inclus liste des ouvrages que nous editions, pouvez nous faire connaitre ce que vous éditez comme non périodiques. A vous lire, veuillez croire, Monsieur, à nos sentiments distingués.

HAYOLEI TAMZALI,
Service des Publications,
Annexe de l'université de Tunis

Tunis,
Republique Tunisienne

GREETINGS FROM NIGERIA

Thank you very much for the copy of *Eastern Horizon*. If you are interested in contributions from Nigeria, please let me know. With all good wishes for the success of the magazine.

T. K. BUTCHER

Broadcasting House,
Ibadan, Nigeria

TO FILL A LONG FELT WANT

May I first offer my congratulations on the publication of *Eastern Horizon*. I feel in common with many other writers here that *Eastern Horizon* may fill a long felt want in the sphere of Austro-Asian relations.

Mr G. Glaskin, a distinguished member of the West Australian section of the Fellowship of Australian Writers brought *Eastern Horizon* to our notice at the last general meeting of our Fellowship . . .

JOHN JOSEPH JONES

Kewdale, Australia

FROM UNIVERSIDAD DE BUENOS AIRES

Tengo el agrado de dirigirme a Vd., en contestación a su nota de mayo de 1960, para hacerle saber que será recibido con mucho interés en este Departamento el número de muestra de la revista *Eastern Horizon*, cuyo envío nos anticipan, y que, al mismo tiempo, les ofrecemos en canje la Revista de la Universidad de Buenos Aires, que se publica trimestralmente.

Saludo a Vd. muy atentamente.

ANDRES R. VAZQUEZ
Subdirector,
Departamento Editorial

Universidad de Buenos Aires,
Buenos Aires

EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

To our New Readers:

A limited number of copies of the first four issues are still available at our Editorial Offices, 155 Wongneichong Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong.

Number 1 includes:

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
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| A. C. Scott | <i>Cheongsam: Invention of the Devil?</i> |
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EASTERN DIARY

One of the most significant developments in modern times is the rediscovery of Asia. First by the Asians themselves, and then by more and more people in other lands who are beginning to be aware of the great changes happening in this area. The European- or American-centred view of the world has long been out-of-date and is on its way out—though slowly.

As the weight of Asia is being increasingly felt, the interest in Asian peoples and their cultures is getting keener. Hence the current talk of the Asian or Pacific phase of human history. Hence the increasing interest in the promotion of Asian studies in many lands of the world. New international journals dedicated mainly to the presentation of Asia have been appearing one after another—the year 1960 alone has seen the inauguration of the *Pacific Viewpoint* in New Zealand, *New Orient* in Czechoslovakia and *Eastern Horizon*, our own humble effort, in Hong Kong. A new school of Oriental studies is being set up at Melbourne University in Australia, with courses in Chinese, Japanese, Indonesian, Arabic and Malay. And I've heard that an international project is on its way to establish a network of research institutions with centres in Japan, India and the Lebanon, all associated with the study and presentation of cultural values of Asia. Earlier this month, an eminent American scholar, Prof E. O. Reichauer of Harvard, also emphasized in a lecture here, 'We cannot talk about anything without having a greater awareness of Asia than we knew in the past.'

This growing awareness of Asia is a good sign. Because it promises the beginning of a better understanding.

*

While Asia and Asian experience are becoming the focus of universal attention, other continents and other peoples are demanding recognition of their place in the sun and their rights in the family of man. Take Africa, for instance. My attention was recently drawn to a letter appearing in *The Nation* of New York (22 Oct., 1960):

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in a letter which I have just addressed to President Charles de Gaulle of France:

'I am an American writer, now living in Denmark, who is well acquainted with France and with Algeria. I was troubled to read in *Politiken*, the Copenhagen daily, that the French Government, under your leadership, has departed from the traditional principles of French democracy to crack down on the writers, teachers and artists who, in agony at what has been happening in Algeria, have put their names to a protest manifesto.

'*Politiken* states that the Minister of Information, M. Terrenoir, has prohibited all the signers of the manifesto from appearing on French radio or television. Is this France? He is well named, the Minister of Information: Mr Black Earth!

'Is it possible that France now proposes to emulate the "black era" which my own country, the United States, passed through in the time of McCarthy?'

JOHN HYDE PRESTON

Mariager, Denmark

The process of awareness, it seems, may be a long one. However, when a continent or a people is awakening, the end of the journey will not be too far away.

*

Talking of Africa, I'd like to refer you to some striking notes on a journey through Africa's new nations:

The awareness of the demand to choose begins, for an American in Africa, immediately—sometimes on the first day. Africans keep asking: Where do you stand? Are you supporting Africa or your allies—the French or the Algerians, the Portuguese or the Angolans, the British Kenyans or the African Kenyans? You can't have it both ways, and words won't be enough.

It is a demand put harshly and insistently, sometimes arrogantly. ('We have no time to be polite now; maybe in ten years or so we will have leisure for gentlemanliness,' a man in the Ghanaian Foreign Office said to an Indian in Accra.) For a while—a week, perhaps two—the American can evade the demand as he throws open his mind to sights and sounds and sinks his senses in newness and excitement. But the awareness keeps coming back. The sights, sounds and newness become a little beside the point, a little too easy and slick; good enough for travelogues and letters home—not good enough to smother the sound of Africa shouting: 'Choose.'

The reporter is A. M. Rosenthal, a well-known American journalist. His article may be found in *The New York Times Magazine* (20 November, 1960).

*

Yes, 'Where do you stand?' This is a very demanding question. A little too harsh to some people perhaps. But one's attitude counts, counts very much. It's all very easy to stand outside to play the critic upon some people's rightful aspirations, to ridicule their efforts or to say what you like about them.

Thinking about this aspect of human insensitivity, or stupidity, I found what the Bishop of Hong Kong said the other day unusually interesting. According to the *South China Morning Post*, Hong Kong, The Bishop of Hong Kong said that the Chinese leader was following the example of Christ when he called young Chinese men and woman to *shih ku* (Cantonese dialect for *chih ku*, eat bitterness).

The Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall was preaching on November 13 at the YMCA and YWCA united service held at St. Andrew's Church.

The Bishop said the words *shih ku* formed a grand old Chinese phrase which was almost exactly like the words of Jesus, 'drink the bitter cup.'

'When Jesus called men to follow him he said they must drink of his cup. To drink the bitter cup were the words he used for his own struggle in the Garden,' said the Bishop.

In the last 20 years dynamic things had happened on the Chinese mainland, said Bishop Hall. They were dynamic and electric because they were based on a call to suffer and struggle against the powers of evil.

'It is easy for us to stand outside to say that they are making the great mistake of thinking that a human system of government can drive out evil from men's hearts.

'But their devotion, their readiness to accept discipline, to *shih ku*, to drink the bitter cup, their readiness for blood and sweat and tears, is surely a challenge to us in the comfort of Hong Kong.

'Are we in this city doing as much as they are in China to answer this call from the Cross, this call to give back to the Lord Jesus ready and willing obedience, our hearts, our minds and all our lives in the service of our fellow men?'

*

It's always sad to see a proud, once beautiful woman being cold-shouldered when, having 'missed her boat' in life, she stoops to conquer any Tom, Dick or Harry.

To me this symbolizes what happened recently in Bonn when the American request of an immediate cash payment of some \$600 million to help support American troops there was rejected by West Germany.

'As Americans throughout the world are gathered on this Thanksgiving week end, the rejoicing over blessings is somewhat marred by a deep sense of uneasiness at a time when the country's wisdom is being challenged in the troubled world of today,' thus an AFP dispatch reported from Washington (26 November, 1960).

There is already the problem of the steady rise in the balance of payments to an annual rate of \$4.3 billion. 'In the past three years, America has spent 10 billion dollars more than she has earned.' And there is the gold gap. Gold reserves have dwindled by 5 billion dollars in three years. From over 24 billion dollars worth in 1949, they have now fallen to less than 18 billion.

Besides, a business recession in America is now assuming serious proportions. Its industrial production has continued to drop in recent months. (The production index for July stood at 110, dropping to 109 for August and 107 for September.)

What would all this mean to Asia?—especially to those Asian countries which rely on the American market? The Japanese press has already expressed fears that 'the U.S. economic situation will prove a blow to Japan.' Quite understandable.

*

In the circumstances, it is even more interesting to notice Lord Boyd Orr's call for a new look at East-West trade.

The distinguished British economist, former Director-General of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization and a Nobel Peace Prize Winner, said in London on November 24: Britain's current trade balance is now worse than at any time since 1955. Her balance of payments position is once more rapidly approaching danger point while her export drive so far has amounted to little more than exhortation.

He told the annual meeting of the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade that, in contrast, industrial activity in the planned-economy countries continues to rise strongly at an average rate of 10 per cent a year. With a positive, aggressive attitude to-

wards these markets, British exports to the planned-economy countries could be raised in the next two or three years to an annual value of at least £500,000,000. The planned-economy countries have repeatedly declared their wish to increase trade with Britain.

He also said that it was high time Britain 'ceased playing politics with East-West trade.'

This is certainly good advice!

*

According to an AFP dispatch from Houston, Texas, a furniture manufacturer there named Ben Friedman claimed on November 11 that he can eliminate the human element from the mass production assembly line in modern industry.

'But his recipe is not automation, it's monkeys.'

Friedman got his idea, so the dispatch goes, from a televised circus show in which the skill and nimbleness of the performing chimpanzees impressed him deeply.

'Now he is putting his theory into practice at his factory and so far he has engaged three of his new style "operatives." They are named Fudgie, Pudgie and Bobby and they have undergone extensive "vocational training," including psycho-technical tests under a chimp expert called Manuel King.

'Friedman already has them fitting on cushion covers, packing furniture into crates and nailing down the crates. If all goes well he hopes to staff his factory entirely with chimpanzees under two "human" foremen.'

Monkey business!

Wanted: just a little sense of human dignity and jobs for human workers to be sacked by Fudgie, Pudgie, Bobby, Friedman & Co.

Liu Pengju

ON MANY HORIZONS

Don't Marry a Beautiful Woman!

A note to bachelors seeking a bride: don't marry a beautiful woman. Many beautiful women snore, particularly if they have a cute chin.

That's the word from Dr Takenosuke Ikematsu who had been studying 'ibiki' (Japanese for snoring) for many years.

Dr Ikematsu claims that 41 per cent of all women snore, although few will admit it. In fact, 70 per cent of his patients are women, mostly those looking forward to marriage and afraid that their nocturnal rumblings will discourage their spouses.

This is the way the doctor got into the *ibiki* practice.

Years ago, a mother and daughter came to him in tears begging for help. The daughter had just been married, but she snored. The husband took his punishment for three days and then moved out of the house. Ikematsu performed a minor operation which corrected the bride's snoring, the husband returned to the fold, and the couple lived happily ever after.

That started Dr Takenosuke thinking, how many similarly afflicted people could he help?

There was not much reference material on snoring, so the doctor began collecting his own, wandering around the city with a tape recorder and capturing the various snores of the night in waiting rooms and trains. He even made an around-the-world trip to obtain a more international view on snoring.

His findings: people over the world snore the same way.

Males snore in 'low key.' Women snores are of two types—'beast' and 'Niagara Falls.'

How do you stop snoring?

It's simple, according to Ikematsu.

See a doctor.

Cover your face with a handkerchief when you sleep.

But better yet—keep yourself 'keyed up,' preferably by sewing a toothbrush on to your pyjamas.

UPI, Tokyo, Nov. 9

Exhibition of Shekwan Pottery

About 400 pieces of artistic pottery depicting ancient Chinese personalities and animals are

on view at an exhibition which opened yesterday at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. The exhibits, all from Shekwan, Kwangtung, have been lent by local collectors.

South China Morning Post,
Hong Kong, Nov. 12

Neutrality

'Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda in his administrative policy speech branded neutrality as an "illusion," although he did not explain what was meant by neutrality. Foreign Minister Zentaro Kosaka in his diplomatic policy speech explained it as a retreat from the East-West cold war, and not to side with either of the two opposing camps would be unrealistic. However, it is quite natural that the people should want to escape from cold war. To not side with either of the two hostile camps is a prerequisite to attainment of independent diplomatic policy. It is hoped that both the Government party and the Opposition will discuss the problem seriously and with sincerity before the people.'

Asahi Shimbun, Tokyo, Nov. 3

Voice of Korea

For the first time in the history of the South Korean Republic a major political party is officially advocating ties with the Communist north of the country.

The new People's Party announced last night that it would seek the resumption of cultural currents and telecommunications with the Communists in North Korea.

The party, which comprises 65 members of the Lower House and 17 members of the Senate, was recently formed with dissident Democrats.

The demand for free travel across the demilitarised zone and for postal relations with Pyongyang has been gaining momentum recently among South Korea's intellectuals while students have begun to advocate the neutralization of both the northern and the southern halves of the country.

AFP, Seoul, Nov. 9

Not Only in Latin America

'Let us not deceive ourselves; not only in Latin America but in the entire world we are living in situations that are radically new and that demand the establishment of a new system of relations between the highly industrialized and the underdeveloped peoples.'

PRESIDENT JUSCELINO KUBITSCHKE,
of Brazil

Call for a Neutralised Zone

Laotian representative Sisouk Na Champassak, speaking before the U.N. General Assembly's Political Committee in the debate on disarmament, strongly supported Wednesday Cambodia's proposal for the creation of a neutralized zone including Laos and Cambodia.

The suggestion had been made in a General Assembly plenary session by Cambodian Premier Prince Norodom Sihanouk.

Champassak said that these two countries, situated between two hostile blocs, were subjected, despite themselves, to the harmful influence of the cold war. They wished to remain outside areas of tension and conflicts of interest, he said.

If neutralisation is guaranteed by the major powers, and is successful, he said, it would serve as an example to other countries situated in tense zones.

AFP, United Nations, Nov. 2

Saigon Crisis Not Over

'It now appears that the recent abortive military coup may remain the worst crisis of the five years' authoritarian rule in South Vietnam.

The army attempted its coup with the support of an 18-man committee of elder statesmen and former public servants, who founded the unrecognized Progress and Liberty Party and sought vainly for permission to set up a Parliamentary opposition after President Rhee was deposed in South Korea last April.

One of the President's brothers controls Central Vietnam, another is Roman Catholic Bishop in Southern Vietnam, with equivocal secular interests, a third is Ambassador to London, and a fourth, Ngo Dinh Nhu, President's closest adviser.

'The President's pretty and ambitious sister-in-law, Mrs Ngo Dinh Nhu, is a member of the National Assembly: her many enemies accuse her of vaunting pretensions to the position of "first lady" and undue influence in commercial and governmental affairs.

'Diem is unquestionably isolated from the people and public opinion, and even the United

States authorities in Saigon believe that his decisions and policies are now subject to excessive and mercenary family influence.'

RICHARD HUGHES,
in *South China Sunday Post Herald*,
Hong Kong, Nov. 20

Strippers' Code of Honour

The ladies who disrobe for the entertainment of 250,000 club members in Soho, London's lively bohemia, are to have their own code of professional ethics and a committee including a clergyman to supervise it, it was revealed today.

The code specifies that the strippers should always retain an irreducible minimum of covering and should remain respectably aloof from the customers. What might be called a safety-in-numbers clause stipulates that they never appear on stage in groups of less than ten.

The code's sponsors, who wish to prove that stripping is a 'highly honourable profession,' have invited the authorities to co-operate and apply the regulations to all the strip-clubs. For their part they will see to it that rules are applied to the letter in their own clubs.

AFP, London, Oct. 28

Hong Kong to Get Water from Mainland

An agreement for the supply of water to Hong Kong from Shum Chun Reservoir for an indefinite length of time was signed at Shum Chun.

Under the agreement, the annual supply of water is fixed for the time being at about 5,000 million Imperial gallons. The standard charges will be JMP 10 cents (23.4 Hong Kong cents) per 1,000 Imperial gallons. The supply will start as soon as the engineering work has been completed.

The supply of about 5,000 million gallons of water in any one year under the agreement will be of particular value because it may be drawn during the dry season as and when required.

The new reservoir is about three miles north-east of Shum Chun, which is opposite Lowu.

South China Morning Post,
Hong Kong, Nov. 16

'Black Monday'

Hundreds of millions of pounds were slashed from the value of shares in a new price tumble today (Monday) on the London Stock Exchange.

The market, troubled by concern over the business outlook at home and abroad, suffered its biggest setback for at least six months. Shares fell by up to 8s. 6d. and dealers soon dubbed the day 'Black Monday.' Industrial, banking, insurance, hire-purchase, steel, car and shop shares were all severely hit.

Reuter, London, Nov. 28

Chen Yi on Peace and War

A correspondent of *Sunday Graphic* today reported that Marshal Chen Yi, the Chinese Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, and Mr Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, had told him that China does not believe that war with capitalist powers is inevitable and that the charge that she seeks to extend communism by war is pure fabrication.

The correspondent, Stuart Gelder, quoted Marshal Chen Yi as saying: 'You know that China was very backward before and that what we have achieved today is the result of arduous labour. Why should we want a world war to destroy these achievements?'

Marshal Chen said he believed 'prospects for the world are bright.' Asked what could be done to insure peace, Marshal Chen said, 'If Britain, France, the Soviet Union and China can combine their efforts, a war can be prevented. This would be a practical measure. This is my personal view which may not necessarily be well-founded at present but which is a possibility. The United States or Adenauer of West Germany may venture to launch a war, but Britain, France, the Soviet Union and China could come forward to save the situation. This was what happened in the World War II.'

'This is why we attach great importance to friendship with the peoples of Great Britain and the United States and bear no grudge against the peoples of Japan and West Germany. It is a pure fabrication to say China wants to advance communism by launching a war.'

Marshal Chen said not a single Chinese rifle, bullet or soldier had interfered in the six-year-old civil war in Laos. 'It won't matter if the United States establishes military bases there,' he said. 'Laos and Yunnan share a common frontier of 500 kilometres. Some Chinese say that if the United States sets up a military base in Laos, that would be a grave menace to China. That is correct. But the United States already has bases in Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand, so one more would not

make much difference.'

Reuter and AP, London, Nov. 27

UK Trade with China Increases

Britain's trade with China in the first nine months of 1960 equalled that for the whole of 1959, the *China Trade and Economic News-letter* stated today.

Exports to China rose 52 per cent in comparison with the first nine months of 1959.

Imports from China increased by 59 per cent.

The total value of British trade with China amounted to twice that of 1957 and four times that of 1954.

Reuter, London, Nov. 8

Where to Live in the USA?

One out of every six U.S. citizens is unable to live where he wants to live because of racial discrimination.

This was the finding today of a three-year study into housing and race in the United States.

Altogether, 27 million Americans are restricted to some extent in choosing a place of residence because of their race or ethnic descent, the report says.

'Racial segregation in housing is sustained by widespread popular attitudes, the practices of the housing industry and policies of government,' the report added. 'Probably no aspect of racial discrimination in the United States is more institutionalised and resistant to change.'

Americans most severely affected by housing discrimination are 19 million non-whites—chiefly Negroes, but also Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos.

Less rigidly restricted are 2.5 million Mexican-Americans, and a million Puerto Ricans.

'Occasional' housing discrimination also is directed against Jews, numbering five million.

AP, New York, Oct. 30

Time is Running Out?

'It is quite obvious that time is running out. In a very short time no less than fifteen countries will have the scientific and industrial capacity to join the nuclear club.'

HOWARD C. GREEN,
Canadian Secretary of State
for External Affairs

An Asian Views Life in Britain

by *A Modern Marco Polo*

ALLOW MMP to explain Cambridge University, which to this day can scarcely be made comprehensible to the unfamiliar. In the beginning there was no university, just a series of colleges, independent units, segregated together for warmth from the wind on the northern banks of a tiny little creek, the Cam. In course of time more units sprang into being, each almost a university in itself, until their numbers reached nearly twenty. Satellite dwellings rose like a sea around these scholastic dormitories which later became a town and then a city. Meanwhile this miscellany of units had agglutinated together into a university. Even now the teaching of students is still divided between university and the various colleges. With the growth of science which demanded expensive buildings and equipment, the bulk of the teaching is being gradually transferred to the university; but power is still divided between them. Perhaps in course of time the colleges may become just glorified lodgings with boarding facilities. Yet it is doubtful if the present collegiate system with its personal supervisions and each college its own characteristic provisions for research in almost complete personal isolation will die out. The student has

to gain by whatever means he can admission into a college before his subsequent automatic matriculation into membership of the university. In these topsy-turvy days, even Cambridge has to look to its bread and butter; MMP fears the chief danger will come from falling into the hands of commercial scientific organisers, who will edge out true scholarship in the trans-Atlantic style. If and when this does come about, surely the last flicker of European and English civilization will die out.

Meanwhile on this bright morning as soon as the car left the Great North Road at Baldock, the road became aware of its destiny. A freshness pervaded the summer's day, which now throbbed with life. Old creaks of cars might be urged on at all costs; little two seaters, youth at the helm, might skim along at speed, but always courteously keeping the Highway Code. Long before the spires of King's College Chapel appeared, one felt intoxicated. Nothing much had changed through the years; more congested certainly, but the mood of the care-free young remained as ever, vibrant in the very air, exerting a magic on all and sundry. Most colleges have had a facelift and looking extraordinarily beautiful and gay.

The University which is the Centre of England

YES, this University is the intellectual and spiritual Centre of England. The University had down the centuries, without stint, poured out, not only to England but likewise to the whole world, the greatest thinkers, scientists, engineers, inventors and poets (but not as many politicians, thank God, as Oxford) that ever benefitted the human race. And this beneficence is continuing.

Better men than MMP have described the exquisite loveliness of the river flowing under bridges of grace and between Tudor bricks, lined with drooping willows and expanses of velvety green lawns, and of life on this narrow exquisite stream where youth takes its leisured relaxation. He wanted to argue with William Wordsworth whether the view towards Trinity from the garden of the Master's Lodge of his college was not fairer than that on Westminster Bridge but found the ghost flitted into the Buttery where his old rooms were. Returning to his hotel, the bells of the University Church were filling the evening air, bathing the town in an ocean of ecclesiastical sound when one just passively listened as in a rapture: would this be a spiritual discipline?

Next morning he made his pilgrimage to Ely. Typical fen country this where fields and willows and sky merged in a grey haze. Rounding a corner the great grey pile of the Cathedral rose from the green sea of the fens and for some time remained a mirage suspended between earth and sky, fading and reappearing with the shifting light. Here was the last citadel of the Saxons where Hereward the Wake led them against the cruel Norman invaders at the time that the great Marco Polo (blessed be his memory!) visited the Sung Court, thereby consecrating and establishing for ever the claim of the fens and Cambridge to be the true heart of England.

'Eithe genoimen!' waking up with a

start from an afternoon nap, MMP hurried to Grantchester, meaning to be there 'at ten to three': to visit the last poet of the English in his Orchard and share some honey for tea. Baulked all the way by cars and pedestrians from every corner of the globe to find the grass a solid carpet of holiday-makers with several queues still integrating, MMP withdrew discreetly, wishing he had come in the cool of the night to inhale deep draughts of the green 'thrilling-sweet river-smell' and with Rupert Brooke hunt through the long grass for the ghosts of the hundred vicars.

A few weeks later MMP went up again to take a dinner in his old college, a special honour out of his turn. Toggled up in black tie and doctorate gown, once more at the long shining oaken tables, the ornate roof of the centuries-old hall with its ancient portraits and mellow panelling gleaming in candle-light, he felt himself present at surely one of the highest intellectual feasts in the world, of an entirely different nature from the public school gathering.

'Do you still have such ancient seats of learning as functioning concerns in China?' his neighbour asked, who had seen 20 years service in West Africa.

'I'm afraid not, but I have visited the White Deer Grotto on the southern slopes of Lushan, where a National College was first founded in the Post-T'ang dynasty, about the year 900. It did not continue long but the Sung revived it as a University. In the Southern Sung a famous chancellor was Chu Tzu, the great Confucian scholar-philosopher.'

'When did it close up?'

'It never really became extinct. Resuscitated both in the Ming and Ching dynasties, I saw it metamorphosed into an Agricultural College which I hear is now considerably enlarged. So I should say that this White Deer Grotto University has actually led a hectic discontinuous existence for well over 1000 years, considerably older than this. Of course none

of the original buildings had stood and one saw nothing more ancient than an effigy of a white deer staring out from inside a stone grotto.'

'What was the origin of the white deer?'

'Legend relates a sacred white deer following two brothers, Li Po (not the popular poet) and Li She when they studied there. After becoming famous they built a library at the site and that was really the beginning of the university. All this happened away in mid-T'ang, about 800 A.D.'

MMP paused and looked round:

'Now this is wonderful, surely unique in the world.'

'Yes, one becomes proud returning to the old college.'

The speeches were of a serious character, not unspiced with humour however, but reflecting on the whole what was expected from this supreme seat of learning. The loving cup came round, a solid silver affair at least 2 feet high, filled with a kind of mead, the recipe a college secret: when drinking it, the man on one's left and right stood up in one's honour. Then a large salver of silver containing water to dip one's fingers into and wipe one's brows. Were these relics of chivalry? The repast lasted nigh to midnight when the company adjourned to the 'combination room' for further drinks and smoke. Stealing out, MMP hurried across the cobbled courts, the multi-tassels of his gown fluttering in the breeze, to find as in the days gone by

*... the moon paused between high clouds,
Chiselling latticed patterns on the bridge
Over the quiet-flowing Cam.*

Time would not permit for

*After footfalls had died into the stones
Of New Court cloisters and stillness once
more reigned,
The wondrous night unleashed its pregnant
splendours*

to glimpse

*Through ivied traceries . . .
Elves dance the magic ring on the silvered
lawn,*

One pause. Resolutely he retraced his steps. As he crossed the cobbled Second Court, from the river over the chimney-pots

*He heard the tall elms in the moonbeam
whisper
Mysteries which the night breeze caught
and played
Through Trinity to Clare and distant
King's.*

Returning to the Porter's Lodge to deposit his gown with instructions, he darted across the road to the waiting car and was soon dozing his way back to London, but not before, outside the front gates of King's, he had caught up the re-echo of the mysteries from the tall elms and woven them into his dreams.

The Queue and Other Novelities

IF other commandments were obeyed with like alacrity Britain would be heaven:

'Where two or three are gathered together, there shall a queue be.'

Whether in shop or post office or waiting for a bus, wherever there might arise disputes in priority, the natives will naturally without a word fall into line, assuming an air of resignation to await their rightful turn. Only three classes of privileged people jump queues:

1. The ignorant, e.g., foreigners and old ladies in their dotage.

2. The bully who does it out of his nature. Take his measure before calling him to order.

3. The colonial home from where he enjoyed a precedence over the natives may forget himself when he sees one in front of him.

Anyway it is very bad form and not practised by gentlefolk.

Another excellent habit is the 'one-customer-at-a-time.' Inside a shop if

one should be impatient or rude enough to try to engage the assistant's attention while he is serving another customer, one would find oneself speaking to or yelling at a stone. This discipline ensures that when one's turn comes there shall be undivided attention. This wonderful universal custom MMP encountered once only in his life-time in Hong Kong, happening at M's where he was discriminating between some socks. In walked a 'millionaire' tourist and his guide who at once loudly commanded the shop-assistant what his boss wanted. Instead of acquiescing as was the common annoying practice, the newcomers were ignored until MMP had leisurely completed his purchase. Good show, M.

Then the value set on privacy. No one would dream of entering any room without first knocking at the door and obtaining the necessary 'Come in.' What a gap from communal living! This custom is rather handy when one is in the act of undressing.

Again the polite habit of writing to thank the hostess after partaking of any hospitality; the idea being to hope for another invitation.

Then the incumbency to stay an hour or two after an evening meal to talk or play games. Thereby one quickly gets to know who are the bores and decides not to invite them again.

The disposal of garbage: There is no litter nor rubbish in the streets. The garbage van takes only tidy dry litter and waste matter. The question really resolves upon the extent of co-operation of one's water-closet. Imagine trying to get rid of the carcass of a chicken or a cod's head. What the water-closet refuses will have to be treated as if it were a parcel for the post. It shall have to be so wrapped up that it would not make a mess nor cause injury on being handled. This safeguards cleanliness and dry garbage, easily worked, surely material civilization at a high level.

Of course there are newer gadgets in

aid of garbage-disposal in the kitchen but these are yet luxuries.

Lastly there is no spitting. Are Chinese throats so constructed by nature that they must do it? A definite 'no,' as demonstrated by 670 millions in the interior.

The Open Road, the English Inn, and Roses All the Way

THE lure of the Open Road has dominated many an Asian student in England and delayed many a one returning home. There is no comparable delight in the East. The very word is a thrill.

Beyond the inner suburbs London is now solidly defended by a further outer zone which is a rose belt of villas, extending anything from 10 to 30 miles in depth. To get into open country one may travel over 30 miles, for instance on the Bath Road real country does not begin until beyond Reading. All roads had been brought to such a uniform pitch of perfection; 3 lanes, central anti-glare partition, cyclist tracks, green paths and trees before the villas intrude, which in turn are invariably screened by a front garden of roses, that losing all sense of landmark except for the clear signposting one could be travelling in any direction, enchanted and intoxicated by roses, roses all the way, but with sure knowledge that one's steering wheel was set for some open road. One exception, the Cambridge Road, where pink wild rose on the hedge continued where the garden rose left off; while from Baldock onwards scarlet poppies in the corn take over.

It is difficult to convey the magic of the open road, the escape into real country from the shackles of brick villas and suburban traffic. A sense of adventure takes possession of machine and human being like a ship that at last wriggles out of the sheltered harbour, meeting the first buffeting blow of fresh green salt wave squarely on its bows, rejoicing and re-velling in the wide open sea. So on the

open road man gives the machine its head and unleashes it into the unknown to travel without let or hindrance. It's the same feeling setting out on foot without a care on one's back save the knapsack, one's destination dimly dallied with in the distance.

The great roads of England, however, are being threatened with extinction as new motorways spring into existence which do nothing but create automatism and boredom. The old roads like the Portsmouth, Great West, Great North, Bath, etc., are recognisable personalities possessing charm, individuality and character, the hamlets and inns bordering them full of the past and harbouring ghosts.

To try to praise the English Inn after Hazlitt's classical efforts is like superimposing flowers on brocade as the Chinese say. Though since his day traffic on the roads has entirely changed, the English Inn today has once again caught up with the times and presents still the finest hospitality in the world. The saloon bar is now the village club where high and low congregate; one could bring in a lady in full evening dress (which may mean nearly full-nakedness) without creating a stir. To MMP the genius of the English had been to let the conviviality of the bar overflow into the outer lounge of the hotel proper, and there it usually stops except on week-ends. The hotel inmates are left undisturbed in their inner lounge, dining room and the sacrosanct drawing room, time-honoured preserve of respectable matrons. An air of old worldliness prevails over everything, from floor to fireplace, ceiling to furniture and the inmates. But no uncomfy chairs: O no; all are well upholstered in the latest manner. The fare is reasonable. There is usually room in the inn though one should book before-hand during the summer. To sit in the lounge on a week-day and enjoy a coffee at eleven amid mediaeval delights and yet modern comforts, glimpses of a glorious garden of English flowers and

jade-like grass through ancient window panes; to muse over, at one's ease, the desirability of maintaining tradition and the permanence of historical associations when the people are fit for it: should this fill one with envy or disdain and not a determination to go one better in some future date? How differing targets and tastes among the peoples separate the nations! Peace-making and promotion of friendship between the two worlds seems best left to individuals who could take equal delight in the indigenous traditions and pleasures of both hemispheres, penetrating deeper than appreciation and more understanding.

Now the guide speaks: to the busiest visitor if he wishes to see the real English countryside near London, the following excursions are 'musts':

(1) To taste the cream of Surrey: take the Portsmouth Road to Wisley Hut Hotel where he suddenly finds himself in Lakeland or the Scottish Highlands. A lovely sheet of water that reflects the colour of the changing sky framed in pine trees and heather. Stop at the hotel for a drink or a meal. Then follow the Road, turning off at West Clandon, up to Newlands Corner for a magnificent panorama; now go east along the shelter of the North Downs to Dorking, passing picturesque villages on the way. Stop at Burford Bridge Hotel. Go into the garden to see flowers and lawn climbing up the dizzy heights of Boxhill.

(2) The Thames Valley. This is a treasure house: Kew, Richmond, Hampton, Windsor—popular resorts for the Londoner. Further up: Bray, Maidenhead, the rose-strewn Boulter's Lock, Cookham, Bourne End and the Marlowes detain the more fashionable and theatrical people. While the discriminate and people who hate bustle patronise Sonning, Henley, Goring and Streatley. One should travel by narrow lanes to appreciate the English villas and quiet countryside. Each village is a gem with its narrow crooked bridge and ancient church. But to enjoy the

willows and waters above the weir one should stay till twilight after the crowds had gone. Of hotels MMP can recommend The Swan at Streatley, the White Hart at Sonning and the King's Arms at Cookham for English meals. Prices are not low and one should book on week-ends.

To find a similar chain of perfection, surely unique in the whole world, one would have to travel far west to the border between Somerset and North Devon where dream villages are scattered between Minthead and Porlock: Selworthy, Allerford, Luccombe, Bossington, Horner, each an exquisite jewel of cottage set in flowers among bright streams.

What is the Cost of Living in London?

CONTINUING in his guide-book vein MMP submits his own experience, summer 1960. Take the two major items food and lodgings. Both vary such a lot. Reasonable sum to pay for furnished service chambers, with private bath-room and a kitchen cupboard, in a passable quarter of the town, would be 3½ guineas a week. Now one may pay less in poorer districts: 2½-3 guineas, perhaps even two. A hotel will be at once more expensive, London having the highest priced hotels in Europe. Breakfast is a small item; if one buys some eggs, milk, tea, bread, sugar and jam, at a stretch one could contrive simple meals and if one could make a meal off cheese alone, here is the saving of one principal chow. Further, if one could ravish on potatoes as well, like the natives, food will not be a very big item. Basing on one substantial meal out a day which varies in cost from the self-service Lyons of 2/- to 3/6, the Italians with tips 3/6 to 6/-, those with cover charges 5/- to 9/-, public houses 3/6 to 12/- up to the Café Royal or Trocadero from £1 upwards, an estimate of total food for the day for mere survival or existence including tea

and biscuits or a tart at odd hours would be 7/6 to 10/6. Working out to £25 a month MMP doubts if any Chinese, even a spartan male, could endure that. He ventures therefore on a minimum budget of £30 a month which would commensurate with living among the Class 6 comrades of MMP's social classification as laid down under the section 'This Mythical U-Curtain.' One would not think of replenishing the wardrobe on this; although, if the womenfolk insisted upon it, they might try the Bon Marché at Brixton during sales. One could afford no more than one newspaper a day and that not *The Times* which costs 4d., nor even one expensive meal out, certainly no wine excepting an occasional beer; and he would have to walk it at most times, when his shoes wear out, go to Freeman and Hardy.

With £60 to spend a month, he would be elevated to class 5 and may move into digs at Earl's Court or Golder's Green; eat two square meals a day, one of which may well be an Italian or cheap Chinese restaurant and begin to furbish his wardrobe at Burton's or Hope Brothers, shoes at Mansfield, Saxone, K, or Lilly; for transport, bus and underground ad lib, with a rare taxi-ride.

Armed with £120, he could move into a modest Kensington or Bayswater hotel among the Class 4B, go to Austin Reed for his clothes, any popular West-End haberdasher for shirts, socks, ties and hat, Dolcis for his footwear; he could eat at pubs, Lyons Corner House and the more modest Soho restaurants, try a tea at Gloriette's or Fortnum and Mason's, one or two meals at Verrey's or Simpson's in the Strand, ½ dozen oysters at Bentley's, washed down with 'Black Velvet.' He could patronise more taxis now and a seat in the dress circle at theatres. The family could shop in Kensington High and Oxford Streets.

At £240 a month per person, he is now ready for Class 4 and can stay in the Strand Palace Hotel. The women-

folk shop in Regent Street but he himself can go to Sumrie, Aquascutum or Simpson for ready-made suits; shoes from Church; outfitting in Jermyn Street or Piccadilly; haircut at Ivan's and he can eat where he fancies. Stalls at theatres and even a hired car for transport, no more bus or underground.

Budget of £480 a month: he can stay at the Howard or even the Stafford. Now he can move freely among Class 3, join a posh club round Pall Mall and get into the atmosphere of the gentry. He may ride in a hired chauffeur-driven Humber and try horse-riding in Rotten Row. The family will shop freely at Harrods and even Bond Street. A box at theatres and made-to-measure shoes and shirts around St James' Street. Buy a bowler-hat at Lock's and always carry a folded umbrella with gloves. Hawkes of Saville Row can supply him with ready-made suits. If he goes to the Café Royal to Oscar Wilde's grand saloon, bear in mind those plush and gilt seats against the elaborate decorated walls are usually found too high for ladies; their feet will dangle.

Whether one likes it or not in England, one is judged very simply on a few things only: one's address, one's clothes, one's accent and one's deportment.

What is a good address? To avoid argument MMP would simply say that if he had the choice he would have his card printed (from an engraved copper plate) with a Mayfair address. But for all that, anything south of Hyde Park from the Kensington Museums to Westminster School, missing out parts of Chelsea, Pimlico and Victoria, could be considered; as also that square area bounded by Seymour Place, Marylebone Road and Portland Place north of Oxford Street. On the alleged peculiarly respectable nooks hidden in the vastness of the Metropolis to which some lay extravagant claims MMP refuses to comment. Suburbs? None, because the fashion is now to live or retire to expensive districts in

Surrey or more far.

What about accent? This of course embraces idiom and phrasing. The pure natural English accent is perhaps best found in the better public schools, though the county gentry can even be purer if unadulterated by local dialects. The next best would be the Cambridge accent which is still pure English but for a little admixture of grammar school and dons who had pored too long over books. The Oxford accent has unfortunately suffered from too much publicity (one almost said Hollywood glamour); even at its best, however, the purity of the public schools had been diluted by (1) a horrible drawl (how, why, when and from where this originated goodness only knows!), (2) the grammar schools, (3) the various 'movements,' (4) the Rhodes scholars and (5) the Cowley works. The London accent, even in Mayfair, is not so pure, the town being too cosmopolitan. One may also mention the aristocratic accent which some of the U affect that is so difficult to acquire after the age of five and so ghastly to imitate while the BBC caters rather to the proletariat.

Dress? The very correct style is 'Saville Row.' Somehow MMP prefers the freer fitting and manner of the public schools and universities as looking more English and fresher. For general purposes Regent Street seems good enough.

On deportment it is hard to advise. It depends upon whether one is destined for the Court, the army mess, the Mayfair drawing-room or the County; there is a difference.

Allow MMP to finish this tiresome scheme of preparation for entry into the various strata of London society first:

Finally, doubling the monthly allowance for each person to £960 which would imply for the taxpayer an income of astronomical dimensions, at last one can stay in the Dorchester or the Ritz, living luxuriously, eating extravagantly and dressing elegantly. He can hire a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce and start

finding chinks in the U-curtain to enter the high society of Class 2, getting 'invited' to parties both in town and the country. There are many things beyond him yet, such as rushing up to Newmarket to buy a classic-winner's yearling and become an owner of a race-horse.

Now it is up to MMP to explain himself—why waste the valuable space of the *Eastern Horizon* to put across this mass of dull and useless information? But would readers, on the other hand, like him to lug them through dead buildings, museums and picture galleries which only the naïve and innocent like school-girls and some Americans patronise? As a responsible reporter MMP must supply live information on British lives. Would it not have been an easier task to live humbly in South London, just reporting on Class 5 of London society and deceiving readers into thinking that all the British were like that? Here is the fallacy that most travellers fall into: to study a section, claiming knowledge of the whole.

The problem today is to know fully one's friends. So with a nation. Superficially the British are all in a state of pathetic complacency and it is difficult to predict which class will first wake up. For the moment the advantage is definitely with the uppers; what can an observer do but make analysis of them all? Acting on the maxim that if one does not venture into the tiger's den, one would not succeed in capturing the cubs; MMP with great personal intrepidity and incidentally expense as well, had elaborated the above scheme or plan whereby one could be prepared in advance, even to the last detail of where to buy one's shoes, at each level, to explore into the different domains. Armed with this scheme, one can, for instance, plan where to invite friends of each class to dinner and what to dress for the occasions, remembering always to do things one class above them and no more, in case they become embarrassed, though towards class 6 comrades, one could be on level terms.

With ladies one can safely try a class higher, they will be thrilled. In meeting with Class 2 or 3, one should be distinguished in at least a speciality such as Chinese literature or art, ceramics, politics, travel, etc., apart from one's profession. For himself MMP shall find the scheme very useful on his next trip. One may now call him a snob or a fool but surely not yet an impostor, as all the above facts could be verified. Besides did not MMP promise to take readers into unknown and unexplored bizarre corners and show them strange trivial and frivolous customs and habits?

Before drawing conclusions MMP thought a European trip had to be a 'must' for the purposes of comparison and to recover his equilibrium since the first impact of the tremendous material advances of England overwhelmed him.

Flight from London

ABOUT the middle of July, seeing the common kitty dwindling at an alarming rate, seeming to fade fast the day-dream of that wrist watch of Zurich and of the gossamery things of Paris, waiting in vain since Spring for a full day's sunshine to watch some cricket at the Oval, the weather expert, after leaving behind the alternate signs of 'showers with sunny periods' and 'sunny with showery periods,' having apparently departed for a long holiday, lastly trying to evade invitations to view art collections, MMP having inadvertently been alleged to be an 'expert,' the family decided to beat it. The Silver City Airways Company was offering French sunshine in exchange for a few minutes flight over the nausea-provoking English Channel. Eagerly seizing the opportunity, and armed with two compasses, two bottles of Nestea, and a slim pamphlet on conversation in 4 languages, the nose of their little car set south-eastwards, the family

was soon merrily bowling along the Maidstone Road. A short visit at the coast to his old guardian now approaching her nineties revealed an unbroken Sino-British friendship stretching over some five generations, now that the stork was busily bringing in the fifth. The same ritual at the tea-table, the miniature methyated stove to keep the water on the boil, the teapot within the 'cosy,' the bread and butter and jam, the cakes—not a whit had altered, the same children round the table but now, oh, long passed 'forty years on'!

A tz'u of Cheng Hsieh's (1691-1765) glashed across MMP's mind:

*The day that our toy bamboo horses
clashed—*

*Recall yet I the cloud of hair shrouding
your neck*

*And your rouge-smeared brow;
Hand-led by mamma or perched high on
grandma,*

*Dressed like a boy so trim,
So quaint that you stole my youthful heart;
Before dark, home from school, how you*

*To my red chamber
For early tidings of Spring enquired,
A pen-brush demanding
Eye-brows to paint.*

*Two decades vagabondage over the lakes
and sea*

*That seemed as wind that scattered all
fragrant dreams,*

Lone rain and cloud intervening.

*In chambers deep today again we meet,
Some old warmth oddly remained,
Which with a strange new light and shade
of shyness
Back brought all the former coy delights
of you.*

*One careless word
Fetched a faint glow on to your cheeks
This alone sufficed:—
How un hoped for!*

After this heart-warming re-union, they tried the Hythe sea-front, to meet, peradventure, sunshine on the waves that once

*irradiated the glory of her eyes,
Sparkling with the freshness of an ocean
far at sea.*

Instead, they found a gale blowing. Not a soul about at this height of the summer season; only great salt blasts of a Sou'-Wester driving in huge cold grey waves to scatter the shingles about with great gusto. At Lydd Airport, they could scarcely get out of the car for the strong wind. Thirty minutes waiting; they saw their little grey A40 Farina Austin driven into the belly of the plane, themselves following suit on top. With an angry whirr the machine plunged into the storm, in a few paces it was off the ground to commence its hop over the foam-flecked sea.

(to be continued)



Autumn and Spring

Dance Motif for Tamami Gojō of Japan

Autumn

Now out of rainy veils I come all calm,
I travel in my sunny garments now,
And long blue days I bring.

Now out of beating showers my quiet brow
Is bright across the plains, soft song I sing,
And my noon breeze sheds balm.

I have my butterflies; their time is brief
But lovely; they are fluttering from the flowers
To bring me their delight.

I am not all calm grace; with secret powers
I come, and my cold fingers in the night
Touch many a withered leaf.

Then in the dawn I wave my twinkling hand,
And gilded leaves and silvered spin and twirl
In dances sad and strange.

Be still now: plump fruits mellow through my land,
The sunshine robes me and the dew's my pearl.
Long thus; . . . but I too change,

And with high cryings and swift storms my soul
Amazes the great pines, affrights the nests,
Makes dry streams flow and roar,

Till suddenly, behold, I paint this scroll
Of crimson maple; here my spirit rests,
Here Autumn dies once more.

Spring

Every feather of snow that floated
 Or dart of hail that beat the iron ground,
 The ice-mantle that coated
 The silent branches, see: at the secret sound
 Of nature's order, not one is found.

The sun that with such lonely eye
 In frosty evening bade the world goodbye
 Is young again, and dances up the sky.

By some perennial fountain, in some grove
 Which winter never quite could find, I lay
 Sleeping, and in my sweet dreams throve
 Even on the fancy of my dazzling May.

I dreamed I caught the snowflakes all,
 And let them fly, and each one's fall
 Was then a blossom aloft or low,
 Which made the watching sun dance so.

If my whirling snowspots fell
 In dark deep lake, even there they turned
 To lily-cups; on rocks as well
 The cold white bloomed, the flower-life burned.

Now shall all my singers too
 Prove my dream true;
 In that dream each blast that skirred
 Through the black nights was quickly a bird
 That flying sang and singing flew
 Through a morning green and rosy and blue.

Rainbows, bend above our flight
 Which tells in its wide course of measureless delight;
 But, while we wing, I see
 A snowfall from each pleasant tree;

And none must see me weep,
 Or trace my footstep towards my early sleep.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

Ch'an, Zen or Dhyāna

John Blofeld

'The wise seek Mind, not the Buddha; fools seek the Buddha, not Mind.'
(聖人求心不求佛，愚人求佛不求心。) — a couplet quoted by the Ch'an Master Great Pearl (大珠禪師) in his 'Treatise on Sudden Illumination.'

I CANNOT help foolishly regretting that Ch'an (禪), a way of life owing so much to Chinese genius, seems fated to achieve lasting fame under its Japanese name—Zen. However, the Chinese Ch'an Masters of old would have ridiculed such blatant partisanship, all the more so as the *main* Ch'an doctrines are neither Chinese nor Japanese; they can all be found in the works of older and more obviously Indian Mahayana sects. I cannot even defend my preference by accepting the suggestion that Ch'an came into being as a Chinese revolt against the highly speculative nature of some Indian Buddhist works, nor can I agree that it owes more to native Taoism than to foreign Buddhism. Buddhists have always employed skilful means (upaya, 方便), to convey truth, including metaphysical subtleties for some and a strictly non-metaphysical approach for others; naturally there were Chinese scholars with practical minds and a distaste for complicated speculation who received and *developed in their own Chinese way* the form of Indian Buddhism which most appealed to them. That Ch'an owes none of its essential doctrines to Taoism can be deduced from the presence of identical doctrines in Buddhist works by Indian

and Tibetan writers to whom Taoism was unknown. On the other hand, since some Taoist sages had *perceived truth* without the aid of Buddhism and recorded their perceptions, it was natural for the first Chinese exponents of Ch'an to utilize a ready-made vocabulary suited to their purpose and to accept Taoist findings as additional confirmation of the validity of their own doctrines. That the followers of the two Ways have many terms in common—such as Yu Wei (有爲) for calculated action and Wu Wei (無爲) for purely spontaneous action—no more proves that Ch'an sprang from Taoism than the use by Christian missionaries of a Chinese term for God proves that their brand of Christianity stemmed from Confucianism! Truth is Truth and the terms—Buddhist, Taoist, Brahmanist or Christian-mystic—used to clothe it are necessarily limited. Two people can perceive the same tree without one of them having learnt of its existence from the other.

The old Ch'an Master, being pure men—pure in the sense of unspotted by good or evil—would have rejoiced to know that their precious doctrine was destined to survive under any name whatsoever and to throw out branches, first to the

east and then to the west. Besides, as the words Ch'an and Zen are almost equally remote from the original Sanskrit word, Dhyāna, my preference for Ch'an must surely stem from my sentimental and therefore un-Ch'an-like affection for China and most things Chinese, which is something of no importance to anyone but myself. What really matters is that Ch'an (Zen, if you wish; Dhyāna, if you prefer) now resembles a time-gnarled pear-tree which, during a bleak and retarded spring, has suddenly put forth an unexpected wealth of blossom. Only a few years ago, the world—a term used by the elite among the peoples of the Western Ocean to mean themselves—enlivened its boredom with much talk of 'existential,' '-ist' and '-ism.' It was hard to understand what it was all about. I, for one, still do not know. Then suddenly, hey-presto, there was Zen (alias Ch'an)! Were some indefatigable American statistician to reduce the entire speech of the Western world during the last few years to dreary lists of words 'in descending order of frequency of usage,' he would note that the little word 'Zen' passed more lips than 'existential,' '-ist' and '-ism' combined. For, indeed, a thousand-year-old Chinese Buddhist way of life has unexpectedly begun to kindle lights across the continents of the Four Seas. Why?

IN these days, to be human is to be mad, in either the English or the American sense of that word. While some are so wildly *lunatic* as to sanction, create and maintain atomic 'defences,' the rest of us are fiercely *indignant* that decent people are compelled to live enshadowed by horror. Our moral bankruptcy, our mere envisioning of the blasting into nothingness of the million achievements of man, have made traditional beliefs, religions and philosophies quake, totter, hurtle down and crumble to dust before our eyes—all this, though the first (and

last!) thunderclap of the world-obliterating storm has yet to burst our eardrums and split our skulls. Desperately, the gay and the foolish shut tight their eyes and fill their ears with clamorous cowboy-negro rhythms. Desperately, the sad and the wise search the universe for some glimmer of hope, of calm, of meaning. Materialists, expecting no immortality beyond the inheritance by their children's children of their life-blood and achievements, are appalled. What meaning have their achievements if there are to be no children's children, or if the latter are to be a race of monstrous cretins atom-blasted before conception? Religious people shiver. If the Gods in Whom they have put their lifelong trust can watch, unintervening, man's demon preparations to obliterate man, must it not follow that They are but figments of the human imagination, or else real but no more averse to our suffering than that Moloch in Whose brass belly little children used to be roasted alive amid the joyful shouts of His devotees?

Then what? Can the answer, for some, be Ch'an?

If matter alone exists, when matter becomes white hot, that will be the end of us. No hope there. If spirit and matter, creator and created, are two, it seems the former has forsaken us. No help forthcoming. But if matter and spirit are neither one nor two? What then?

The waves of the sea rise and fall. No one applauds the one or regrets the other; nothing is gained and nothing lost—the sea remains exactly as it was before. A great wave moves majestically towards our ship. We say: 'Look, it is coming nearer.' This coming nearer is no illusion, for presently our ship is lifted upon its crest and thrown down into the trough that follows. All this is real enough. Yet what comes nearer? Absolutely nothing, except the transient *form* of the wave, for the actual water composing it changes so fast that it reach-

es us as a different wave. The water that lifts us high to glimpse the encircling horizon is the water that was under our ship from the first; and the trough into which we sink is that same water. Again, have you ever tried collecting pretty wavelets with white crests or locking up black threatening waves in an iron enclosure? Of course not. There is nothing to collect, nothing to lock up, no white, no black, no beauty or ugliness lasting more than a moment—nothing from horizon to horizon but pure, colourless undifferentiated sea-water, endlessly changing, forever unchanged. Thus Reality. Thus Ch'an.

To those who strive to enter formless Nirvāna's peace by *escaping from* Samsāra—this round of birth and death with its changing forms and many sorts of anguish—the Ch'an Masters say: 'Nirvāna and Samsāra are one.' To those struggling to *achieve* Buddhahood, they exclaim: 'Buddhas and unenlightened, ordinary fellows (凡夫) are the same.' You *are* Buddhas and always have been. Strive to realize this truth; no need of striving to make it true. For there is but the one undifferentiated 'substance' (机), having no shape, colour, size or definable characteristics at all. Whatever you say of it falls short of it; for, by saying it is this, you imply it is not that; by saying it exists, you exclude what does not exist; and thereby you set limitations upon the limitless. Formless and undifferentiated, it is pure void (sunya, 空), and yet it is visible in every form that could ever be seen, felt or imagined. It is profound and utter stillness; it is the fount of every conceivable activity. (The waves approach and recede, yet nothing has come or is gone.) This 'substance' we shall call Mind, in that forms and objects consist of it just as objects appearing in dreams or in imagination consist of the thought of the dreamer. (Modern physicists, approaching truth from another starting

point, are now also inclined to think that 'the stuff of the world is mind-stuff.')

WELL, this is an interesting theory, but can we call it more than that? Perhaps. However, before discussing the possibility of convincing ourselves of Ch'an's truth, let us notice the effects that such conviction would achieve for us.

There would be total freedom from fear and anxiety. One wave of the sea, assuming it possessed consciousness, need never fear obliteration, for when that 'obliteration' had taken place everything would be the same as before—sea-water, neither diminished nor increased. *There would be total freedom from acquisitiveness, possessiveness and of the cruelty these inspire.* What can a wave wish to gain from another wave of the same sea? Size? Since both are indivisible from the limitless sea and since each 'individual' wave, even during the few fleeting moments of its apparently separate existence, is an ever-changing and therefore non-individual body of water, such rivalry would be nonsense. Strength? When a large wave overwhelms a small wave, the two are so fused together that victor and vanquished are one. And so on. *There would be total freedom from ego-centeredness, selfishness and self-seeking of every kind.* What is the ego of a wave but the sea and how can the 'egos' of two million waves be other than identical? Why should I seek self-benefit at your expense, when you are myself, all I gain is myself, all you lose is myself? Absurd! *We should see the whole universe, down to its minutest parts, as divine.* We should recognize every being in it as a divinity and hear the voice of divinity in every sound—yes, even in oaths directed at ourselves or in the chugging of motor-cycles at four in the morning! Calm and incapable of being ruffled, we should offer the meanest creature affection and respect—not com-

pulling ourselves to it as morally 'right' like the followers of Motzė and of Jesus, but realizing that it would be nonsense to act otherwise to 'others' who are ourselves!

However, this transmutation of hatred and greed into affection and dispassion will not come about so long as 'nothing to gain, nothing to lose, no self, no other' remains a theory accepted by the intellect alone or taken on trust (faith), while sensations of selfness and otherness clamorously persist. We must reach the point where it is impossible to feel, suppose or believe otherwise, the point of Enlightenment (菩提), Illumination (悟), Deliverance (解脫) or whatever you choose to call it. The Ch'an Masters claim that this point can be reached within this very life; that when you have come face to face with your real Mind (自心), you will have discovered the true Nature of all things (本性); you will clearly perceive that this Nature is unborn, uncreated Mind (無生心); that your mind, his mind and my mind are indistinguishable from Mind, which dwells in a state of purity, brilliance and utter tranquility (清淨圓明湛然常寂). The miracle is achieved by cultivating one-pointedness of mind (禪定) to such an extent that no-mindedness (無心) supervenes. No-mindedness is not a state of trance in which consciousness is reduced to wooden dullness, but a state of vivid perception in which, though the minutest transient distinctions are accurately observed, there is not the smallest inclination to think of them in terms of attraction, repulsion and so on. No-mindedness means using the mind like a bright mirror which impartially reflects all that comes before it, beauty and ugliness alike, without the smallest stain from either attaching to its surface. For, while attraction and repulsion persist, the surface of the bright mirror is stained; emotions are aroused; actions and reactions follow endlessly; we cleave to this, we repel or flee from that; we fashion for ourselves a ropelike

web of dualism and partiality; our freedom is destroyed; we are bound hand and foot by the iron chains of action and reaction arising from the distinctions we have so unwisely allowed ourselves to make; we have become involved in calculated action (有爲) instead of resting in non-action or, to be more accurate, spontaneous action (無爲).

Naturally 'non-action' does not mean 'no action.' When hungry, we eat. When sleepy, we sleep. Enjoying our new freedom, we laugh. But our actions must be no more than slight responses to the needs of the moment and never calculated in terms of profit and loss, self and other. The essential thing is to free our minds from the dualism of love and hatred, good and evil and all the rest, so that we come at last—we are told it will happen quite suddenly—to perceive the underlying stillness and indivisibility of all that is. We shall realize that what we sought from distant Gods is right in front of us now—that rose, that moonlight, that heap of dung. Moreover, a great compassion will be born in us. We shall feel so light, so free, so far beyond the power of anything to cause us anxiety or harm that we shall experience the deepest compassion for all those myriads of beings still tossed upon the winds of alternating hope and fear—all the more so as we shall recognize in those beings our very self!

IF this teaching were but a pleasant myth, the mystics of all ages—ancient Greek, Christian, Sufi, Hindu, Taoist, Buddhist—could not have displayed such unanimity as they have in describing their experience of Ultimate Reality. Though some have employed the terminology of local religions to assist people's understanding, their accounts of the supreme experience are marvellously alike. Dreamers and self-deceivers so far apart in space and time could never have achieved such unanimity in their descriptions of mere

dreams and imaginings. It is this which constitutes a near-proof of Ch'an's validity. Further proof, beginning with just inklings of the truth, is obtainable by all who are willing to persevere in the practice of discovering Mind within their own minds.

Ch'an is distinguished by directness and natural simplicity. I wonder if the Japanese adepts have made it too formal, too rigid, just as they have converted the simple Chinese rite of drinking tea in silence, meant only to encourage wakefulness in the period of meditation (坐禪) which follows, into the elaborate ceremony of cha-no-yu? Simplicity may arise from necessity, from choice or from an artful simulation which often costs more than an unashamed display of luxury. That 'Zen-garden' of sand carefully raked to form a particular pattern and to frame carefully placed rocks upon which moss is only allowed to grow in the 'right' places seems to me a symbol of the formality (stiffness?) of Japanese Zen-temple life. Gorgeous simplicity is not far from simple gorgeousness. Then there is the matter of the kung-an (公案, or koan in Japanese). These are conundrums which refuse to yield up their secret until logic is transcended. In Chinese monasteries, they are often used, but one or two of the best known are generally accepted as fit for all normal purposes and they are regarded as occasional aids to progress, never as the very core of Ch'an practice. In Japan, however, these conundrums often supplant all other forms of practice (修行). The Master gives one to his pupil to be wrestled with night and day for months or years on end. The reward of intuitively discovering the solution is another kung-an (koan). Moreover, I suspect that many of the sentences borrowed from Chinese Masters and thus used were not at all intended for such use. Thus:

'What is the Buddha (*i.e.*, the Absolute, Reality)?' asked somebody.

'The hedge between the privy and

the garden,' answered the Master. The Japanese, I believe, employ this enigmatic answer as a kung-an (koan), but Chinese adepts maintain that the Master was merely stating a recognizable truth in allegorical terms, in that the hedge is the line of non-duality between impurity (the privy) and purity (the garden).

It seems to me that Japanese Ch'an followers and many of their Western disciples delight in paradox as though it possessed some magic quality capable of opening the eyes of the blind. Perhaps it has, but my (admittedly limited) reading of the Chinese Masters inclines me to think that paradox arose sometimes from the difficulty of describing Reality and its attainment in every-day language, sometimes to condense a complicated idea into one short, easily remembered phrase. For, in Chinese works, a clear explanation of the paradox usually follows immediately. A T'ang Dynasty Ch'an Master, known as Hui Hai (慧海大師) and also as the Great Pearl (大珠禪師), whose 'Treatise on Sudden Illumination'* gives us a lucid exposition of Ch'an doctrine, often employs paradoxical sayings, but he does not leave them hanging in the air for supra-logical solution. He explains them immediately. Thus:

'What does right perception mean? It means perceiving there is nothing to perceive.' (何是正見? 見無所見即是正見。). This he promptly defines as 'beholding all sorts of forms without being stained by them and without thoughts of love or aversion arising.' When asked the meaning of perfect purity of mind, he replies:

'No purity and no absence of purity—that is perfect purity.' (無淨無無淨即是畢竟淨。).

This sentence, especially in Chinese, looks marvellously paradoxical, until the Great Pearl explains that anyone who clings to thoughts of pure has an impure

*An English translation is to be published by Rider & Co., London, in 1962.

mind muddled by dualism; and that anyone who clings to the thought 'now there is no more purity or impurity in my mind' involves himself in the dualism of 'there is' and 'there is not.'

CH'AN probably owes its growing popularity in the West to two separate circumstances. To thinking people who find this world becoming less and less fit to live in, but who are nevertheless growing ever more doubtful as to there being Another World into which to escape, Ch'an offers a middle way. We cannot possibly escape the world, nor is there any need to try. All that is necessary is a thorough transmutation of mind. When the waves know themselves for the sea, they are no longer disturbed by rising, falling, coming into existence, going out of existence, and all the rest. Calm contentment in the

midst of chaos replaces anxiety and fear.

The other circumstance contributing to Ch'an's popularity is that, even if not pursued beyond the level of the intellect to the point of marvellous realization, Ch'an still offers a point of view wherein 'divinity' is recognized (or, at the lowest level, imagined) in the little things of life—not only in flowers, but also in rocks, grains of sand, telegraph poles and the rusty relics of bygone cars. Thereby opportunities for calm enjoyment are vastly increased and, perhaps, a little wisdom gained. To easily amused and charmingly amusing people, Ch'an offers a whole new range of perceptions, less tiresome than television and the cinema, because portable. For the wise and persevering, Ch'an can turn the whole universe inside out, rob it of its terrors and replace ugly egocenteredness with unwavering calm, unshakeable compassion.



The Discovery of Peking Man

Robin Maneely

*Du moins s'il faut célébrer toujours ceux qui ont été grands,
réveillons quelquefois la cendre de ceux qui ont été utiles.*
Voltaire

SINCE Han times (and perhaps even earlier), *dragon bones* have been used by Chinese physicians in the preparation of styptics and sedatives. But they were not known to be the fossilized remains of vertebrates until Sir Robert Owen identified them as such in 1840—the date at which the palaeontology of China may be said to begin. Later, in the '70's, Professor von Richthofen took a large collection of fossils to Europe.

In 1899, the physician to the German Legation in Peking, Dr K. A. Haberer was busily engaged in the collection of fossils for von Zittle's laboratory in Munich, until the work was abruptly interrupted by the outbreak of the Boxer Rising the following year. The last shipment to reach Germany included a single molar tooth which Max Schlosser labelled: *Homo? Anthropoid?*

Schlosser's description of the German collection was published in 1903. Referring to the tooth, he pointed out to future investigators who might be privileged to carry out excavations in China, that a new fossil anthropoid, or perhaps even Tertiary Man might there await discovery. A brave prophecy! But one that was to be fully realized in a most dramatic way. Years later, when David-

son Black was studying Peking Man's dentition, he was convinced from Schlosser's drawing that the molar belonged to the same species. He wrote to Germany hoping to obtain a cast of the tooth for comparison with the new material, but was told that it had been 'mis-laid.' In fact the historic tooth had disappeared from the collection under mysterious circumstances. And thereby hangs a tale.

The story of Peking Man's discovery begins in 1918 when J. McGregor Gibb, a professor of Chemistry at Peking showed some red bone-bearing clay to J. G. Andersson, Mining Adviser to the Chinese Government. Gibb had obtained the clay from the Chi Ku Shan (Chicken Bone Hill) near Chou Kou Tien, some 50 km. south-west of Peking. Andersson was aware that this type of clay commonly occurs in the district filling the cracks and fissures in the local Ordovician limestone; but Gibb's specimens were remarkable for the number of avian bones-fragments they contained. Andersson was so intrigued that he visited the Chi Ku Shan the following March where he found the bone-bearing clay in the form of an isolated pillar about 5½ metres high standing in the middle of an old quarry. Clearly the clay had formed the filling of a deep cleft in the lime-

stone, but had been left isolated as the limestone was quarried from its vicinity. It transpired that its subsequent preservation was due to a superstitious belief current among the quarry workers at that time.

On this visit, Andersson confirmed that the clay contained many bones of birds; but rodent bones were also in evidence, as were fragments of at least one beast of prey. He was not convinced that the deposit was of great age, considering it to be post-Loessic, but naturally he was well-pleased with the find. At any rate the important point is that scientific attention had now been directed to Chou Kou Tien as an important fossil-bearing area.

Progress in excavating the region might have been rapid had it not been for the discovery in Honan (such is China's largesse) of great deposits containing the fossilized remains of *Hipparion*—(an ancient side-line in the evolution of the horse), which kept the palaeontologists busy. Dr Otto Zdansky arrived in China in 1921 to take part in the *Hipparion* excavations. Zdansky was first sent to practice on Chicken Bone Hill in order to give him some insight into working conditions in Chinese country districts. Andersson visited him there accompanied by Dr Walter Granger who had just arrived in China to take up his appointment as chief palaeontologist in R. C. Andrews' Mongolian Expedition. While Granger, Andersson and Zdansky were proceeding with the examination of the pillar, a workman informed them that he could show them a place not far off where bigger and better *dragon bones* could be found. They followed him to a spot above the railway station at Chou Kou Tien where there was an abandoned quarry. There, in a limestone face about 10 metres high, was a fissure filled with fossiliferous clay, which proved to be very rich. In 1921, Andersson labelled it Locality 53 in his field notes; but the site was to become world-famous as Chou

Kou Tien Locality I—the site of the discovery of *Sinanthropus*.

During the preliminary examination of this site, Andersson noticed that the limestone beside the cleft was streaked with quartz, and he reflected that if an early form of man had occupied such an area he would almost certainly have used such quartz flakes, with their naturally sharp edges, as simple implements to help him in his daily life. 'I have a feeling,' he said to Zdansky, 'that there lie here the remains of one of our ancestors, and it is only a question of your finding him. Take your time, and stick to it until the cave is emptied if need be.'

Another prophecy!

Zdansky took his time, working carefully until the late Summer of 1921. But it soon became clear that the deposits would prove difficult, and the work was abandoned when it became too dangerous to dig into the over-hanging walls. All the material collected by Zdansky was sent to Professor Wiman's laboratory in Upsala, Canada, for preparation and study.

WORK was not resumed until 1923, when a worn and fossilized hominid lower molar tooth was recovered, and a second hominid molar was found somewhat later in the material sent to Upsala.

It fell to Andersson to announce these important discoveries at a scientific meeting held in Peking during 1926, and the suggestion was made that a full-scale investigation of the site be undertaken by the Geological Survey of China in co-operation with the Peking Union Medical College. There were doubts, of course, about the true hominid nature of the teeth. In a note to Andersson, Teilhard de Chardin (the brilliant, if somewhat eccentric Jesuit) expressed the opinion that they might belong to a carnivore; but Davidson Black, the P.U.M.C. anatomist was convinced, and was prepared to go further still. In his letter to *Nature*

(1926) describing the teeth he concluded: 'The Chou Kou Tien discovery therefore furnishes one more link in the already strong chain of evidence supporting the hypothesis of the Central Asiatic origin of the hominids.' Thus he fully accepted the suggestion put forward by F. H. Osborne (*Science*, 1900) and later elevated to the status of a respectable scientific hypothesis by W. D. Matthews in his masterly essay on *Climate and Evolution* (*Ann. Acad. Sci.*, New York, 1915).

Andersson's suggestions stimulated the interest of the leading scientists of China such as V. K. Ting, W. H. Wong, and foreign visitors such as Black, Grabau, Licent, and Teilhard de Chardin. The proposed amalgamation was partly effected and a two-year programme of work at Chou Kou Tien organized. Birger Bohlin, whose work on the *Giraffidae* of China had just been completed in Wiman's laboratory, took charge of the field palaeontology, and Mr C. Li, the geologist, appointed as official representative of the Geological Survey of China. Davidson Black, of course, represented the P.U.M.C.

Work started in April 1927; but before the summer rains interrupted it was known that the project was so extensive and difficult that at least another season would be required. Three days before the excavation work stopped, Bohlin found a well-preserved lower molar tooth, on which Davidson Black was able to make good measurements and enable him to suggest the generic status of the creature it represented: '... the newly discovered specimen displays in the details of its morphology a number of interesting and unique characters, sufficient, it is believed, to justify the proposal of a new hominid genus *Sinanthropus*, to be represented by this material' (*Nature*, 1927).

This was an audacious claim to make on the basis of three teeth. Shortly afterwards Davidson Black went on leave to

Europe and America, taking the new *Sinanthropus* tooth with him to show to colleagues and solicit opinions. To carry it safely he had a gold watch-chain made with a receptacle into which the tooth snugly fitted.

The magnitude of the work done at Chou Kou Tien during the two seasons 1927 and 1928 can be judged by the fact that about 6,000 cubic metres of cave-deposit were excavated, and more than 1,000 boxes of fossil material sent to Peking for preparation and study. Moreover it was obvious that Chou Kou Tien raised many problems which could only be answered if there was more information on the geology and physiography of neighbouring regions and of similar areas elsewhere in China.

To meet the situation, a special branch of the Geological Survey of China was instituted. Davidson Black was released from his academic duties to become Honorary Director of Research. Thus the Cenozoic (Cainozoic) Research Laboratory was formed. Dr W. H. Wong, the Director of the Geological Survey, became the official chief of the laboratory, V. K. Ting acted as Director of cainozoic research in China, and W. C. Pei, M. N. Pien and Teilhard de Chardin formed the professional staff. An agreement was made that none of the material discovered should leave China, and that title to all discoveries rested with the Geological Survey, under the direction of W. C. Pei.

Excavations at Chou Kou Tien were resumed in April 1929. In view of the poor consolidation in the vertical face, the main work was directed at a part of Locality I known as the Lower Fissure. Pei quarried some 10 metres below the main terrace level, discovering several loose *Sinanthropus* teeth in the process. But the main triumph of the season was his finding of a well-preserved adolescent *Sinanthropus* skull (see: Pei, W. C., *Bull. Geol. Soc. China*, 8, 1930). The following year he uncovered a number of skull fragments from which it was pos-

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Fig. 1 A general view of the *Sinanthropus* site at Chou Kou Tien as it was about 1932. (Reproduced from D. Black: *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* [B], 1934.)

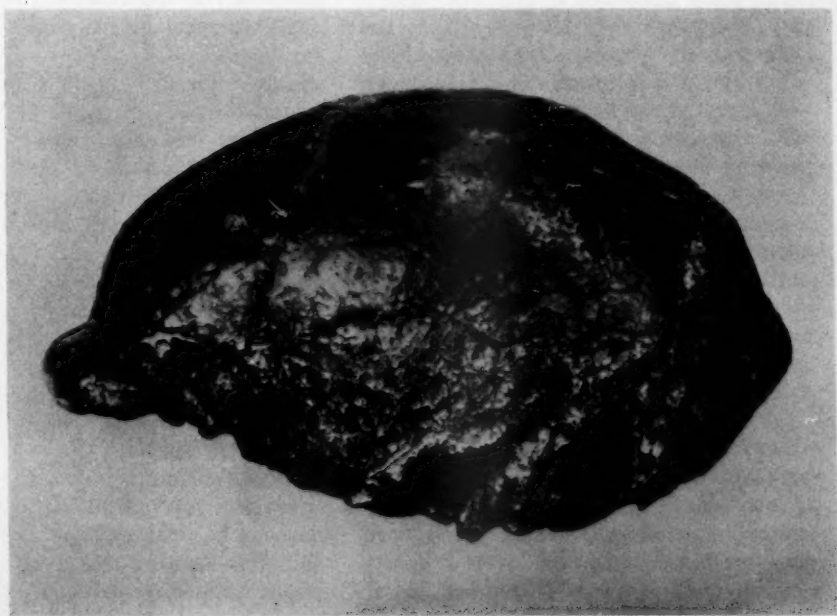


Fig. 2 View of an adolescent *Sinanthropus* skull discovered by W. C. Pei, 2nd Dec., 1929. (From D. Black: *Palaeontologia Sinica*, 1931.)

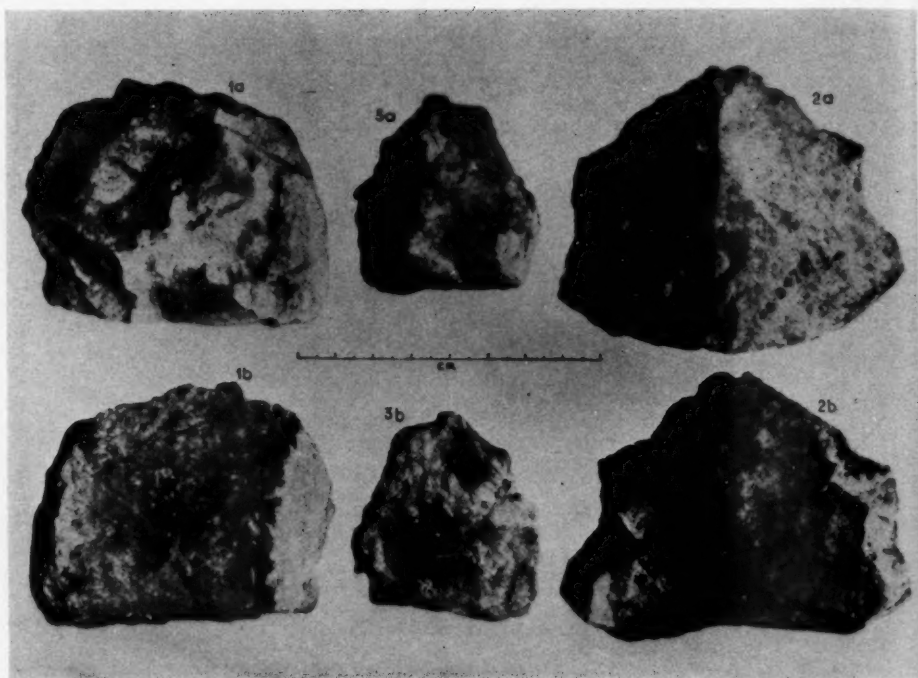


Fig. 3 Three stone artefacts from the Sinanthropus site. Objects like these caused intense controversy in the nineteen thirties. (From D. Black: *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* [B], 1934.)

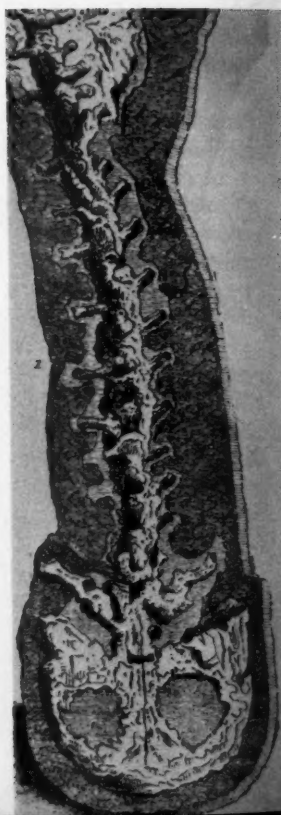


Fig. 4 'The sad bones of a poor sinner who was drawn in the Flood' (*Homo diluvii testis*). In fact, the vertebrae

sible to reconstruct a fair portion of the dome of an adult *Sinanthropus* skull, and to these was added a portion of juvenile jaw.

EXCITING as these finds were, the year 1931 brought even more extraordinary facts to light, for it became apparent that the new *Sinanthropus* fossils (a clavicle and skull) were associated with fire-blackened material and with undoubted quartz artefacts. The significance of these observations can scarcely be underestimated.

It should be remembered, however, that although Pei, Black, and the other scientists involved realized the importance of the *Sinanthropus* material they were not then in a position (nor, indeed, was anyone else at the time) to form more than a vague picture of the creature they were uncovering. As yet, no limb bones had been discovered, and there was much premature controversy over the relationship between *Sinanthropus* and a similar creature (*Pithecanthropus*) discovered by Emile Dubois in Java between 1891 and 1898. Moreover, there was no clear conception of the age of the Chou Kou Tien deposits. Enthusiasts like H. F. Osborne felt themselves able to claim, without adducing proof, that man was leading an intelligent nomadic existence as far back as the first inter-glacial period, and pushed the origin of man-like creatures into the Eocene—60 million years ago. Nowadays it is more usual to regard the emergence of hominids definitely referable to the genus *Homo*, to the latter part of the Middle Pleistocene period—about 500,000 years ago.

The difficulties involved in preparing fossilized bones for study are very great. Identification of an incomplete specimen may depend upon the correct interpretation of small ridges, knobs, or grooves, the precise position or extent of which may indicate a correct zoological classification. In the nineteen twenties and

thirties there was no general agreement as to the definition of a species. At the British Association meeting at Southampton in 1926, Tate Regan remarked that a species is something which a competent systematist recognizes as such!

The 'human element' enters so much into palaeontology that the most competent scientists are often misled into ignoble positions in support of the 'uniqueness' of their discoveries. This tendency—'the desire to make too much of a good thing by magnifying its significance,' as Sir Solly Zuckerman calls it would seem to be irresistible, and was certainly an influential factor in the original statements about Peking Man's status (Zuckerman; *Nature*, 1940). The history of palaeontology is, understandably, full of mistakes; but as one experienced investigator, von Koenigswald, has said; 'This is inevitable and excusable. No one will criticise the Swiss scientist Scheucher who, in 1716, described the skeleton of a Miocene giant salamander as "the sad bones of a poor sinner who was drowned in the Flood".'

The discovery of the crude stone artefacts at the *Sinanthropus* site started the usual controversies among the experts. After a careful examination of Pei's drawings of the 'implements,' Prof Elliott Smith (*Man*, 1932) concluded: 'Although only a relatively small number of the stone fragments have been fashioned into implements, there is no doubt that these had been deliberately worked, for they are not crude coliths but specimens of a flake industry including points, choppers, blades.' In contrast to this, J. Reid Moir (*Man*, 1932) opposed Elliott Smith's views: '... I find myself in disagreement, for I have never seen any genuine coliths so crude in appearance as these objects figured in *Man*, nor do they bear any actual resemblance to the Lower Palaeolithic flake industries which I have examined. To be quite frank, I cannot ... recognize any signs of man's work upon the specimens ...'

And Elliot Smith replied (*Man*, 1932): 'The observations of Mr Pei and Professor Davidson Black have been confirmed by the high authority of the Abbé Breuil and Père Teilhard de Chardin. They all regard it as unquestionable that the stones in question were definitely flaked by human beings.'

THE welter of controversy in the late twenties and early thirties marked a transition period in the history of human palaeontology from which we are only now emerging. It is interesting, therefore, to summarize a view of man's origins which was then widely accepted. In 1930, the well-known geologist A. W. Grabau was writing of the Asiatic continent as the cradle of the human race, basing his opinions on a widely accepted view that man's predecessors in the evolutionary line inhabited the vast geosyncline which occupied the present Himalayan region.

There, in dense forests, man-to-be swung effortlessly from tree to tree rarely finding it necessary to descend upon the ground, feeding to repletion on the lush vegetation, spreading and multiplying in a gentle foe-less Eden. Little did they know that vast disharmonious forces were at work beneath them. Like Birnam Wood and Dunsinane north and south were imperceptibly approximating, until 'shock after shock went through the trembling earth to the terror and dismay of its inhabitants.' And when the tremendous movements at last slowed down, there stood the new-born Himalayas transecting the garden that was once Pal-Asia.

To the south, the Indian peninsula remained relatively unchanged, except that moisture-bearing winds from the warm southern seas, forced to rise by the new mountain barrier, deposited their rains in torrents. The resulting luxuriant forests sheltered the survivors of the great partition and gave them little reason to

change their ancient mode of life. To the north, however, things were different: the same winds which had brought a pleasant environment to the southern region were now greedy for moisture as they flowed down the northern slopes. The land became desiccated. The forests dwindled, and their denizens were forced more and more into the open and on to the ground in search of food, shelter and warmth. They were thus forced to travel far across the Tibetan plateau and towards the north where, in late Tertiary and early Quaternary times, the streams and glades of the Tarim basin in Sinkiang gave them a congenial home.

Grabau considered that it was from this area that descendants of these early proto-humans wandered westwards across Eurasia and eastwards into China about the beginning of the Pleistocene. They were altered creatures, of course, since the physical condition of their environment and the exertions of their daily lives had stimulated progressive evolution at an accelerated rate. As generations of the unfit died, so the fit survivors formed the nuclei of more highly specialized types. Darwinian Natural Selection was at work. (For a popular version of Grabau's views see the *China Journal of Science and Arts*, 1930).

In the light of new evidence nearly all the assumptions underlying Grabau's views would now be challenged. For example, there seems to be little evidence to suggest that the Himalayan uplift was sufficiently cataclysmic to have caused sudden ecological changes; nor is there evidence that the changes that did occur resulted from desiccation (*de Terra*, 1949). However, Grabau was one of the first to expound the great importance of climatic changes as factors in anthropoid dispersal in Asia.

TO return to Chou Kou Tien. Between 1932 and 1934 Drs Pei and Pien directed the next stage of the work, which

consisted of a detailed geological study of the area on the basis of a conviction that the original cave occupied by *Sinanthropus* must have opened to the east and not to the north as was originally supposed. At the same time J. T. Fang and S. C. Wang conducted a detailed topographical survey so that the records of future excavations could be scientifically plotted. A mature jaw and some tooth fragments were found.

In 1933 Black, Teilhard de Chardin, W. C. Pei and C. C. Young published their *Fossil Man in China*. But there were ominous signs that the work might be interrupted. In a preface, W. H. Wong thanked Mr T. C. Chow for the management and printing 'under the specially difficult conditions now prevailing in Peking.' In fact, by 1932 the Japanese had driven south towards the Great Wall where fighting was in progress and Peking was already in jeopardy.

Davidson Black died suddenly, but perhaps not unexpectedly, in 1934. His health had been bad for some time, but despite repeated warnings that he should leave China, he tried to complete the work on Peking Man, insisting on doing everything himself. He used to rise at noon, dine at the Peking Hotel in the evening, disappear into the laboratory at the Institute about midnight and work until early morning. His secretary collected his notes at 9 a.m. On March 15th, 1934, however, she found him lying dead over his desk with the skull of Peking Man in his hands.

Towards the end of 1934, Franz Weidenreich assumed Black's position at the Cainozoic Research Laboratory. Weidenreich had been a pupil of Schwalbe at Strasbourg, and after 1918 held professorships at Heidelberg and Frankfurt. In 1933 he went to lecture in America and never again returned to Germany. From 1934 until 1941 when he returned to the United States Weidenreich attacked the problem of *Sinanthropus* with tremendous energy.

During 1936 and 1937 Pei uncovered two *Sinanthropus* femur fragments, and by 1940 sufficient was known to be certain that the limb bones must have differed little from those of modern man—although the skull had a much more simian conformation. What is more, there was now some evidence of Peking Man's cannibalism, since the same type of damage occurred in the occipital region of all the skulls discovered. This damage was not of the kind usually regarded as possible for animals since a certain skill would have been required for the operation, possibly with the help of simple implements. The conclusion was, therefore, that *Sinanthropus* himself may have inflicted the damage.

Apart from *Sinanthropus*, another kind of Peking Man was found at Chou Kou Tien, though occupying a higher stratigraphical level. This second type of man is much more recent, and showed some primitive Mongoloid and, perhaps, some Melanesian features. The 'Upper Cave' Man, as he has been called, knew how to make fine stone implements, and could fashion bone needles, and drill animal bones and teeth for use as ornaments.

DURING the Japanese War, some of the most important Chou Kou Tien discoveries comprising five skulls, 14 jaws and 147 teeth mysteriously disappeared (See: *East and West*, 8, 1957-1958). It has been reported that the material was transferred to the American Embassy in Peking, whence it was sent to the coast for transshipment to the U.S.A. Rumour adds further that the ship in which it was being transported was sunk by the Japanese. After the Japanese surrender, however, the Americans are said to have denied all knowledge of what happened to the fossils, although Professor D. V. S. Watson of London University is reported to have told colleagues that he had seen a skull of Peking Man in the American Museum of Natural History (Pei: *China*

Reconstructs, 3, 1954).

Certainly the Japanese would have shown great interest in the fossils as they did in von Koenigswald's *Solo Man* specimens in Java. Indeed von Koenigswald received a request from the East Indies Institute of America (later the South-East Asia Institute—now disbanded) to publish a preliminary description of the recent *Solo* finds (of which casts had been sent to Weidenreich) and suggested that this precious material be evacuated. It was hidden instead, and the Japanese could only find one of the Ngandong skulls which they sent as a birthday present to the Emperor. This skull was later recovered from the Imperial Collection in Kyoto after an American officer, Lieut. Walter Fairservice, had, with difficulty, traced every possible clue.

Thus it seems likely that there may have been considerable American interest in the *Sinanthropus* specimens and an attempt made to evacuate them for safe-keeping. If the specimens were lost forever through an act of war, it cannot be

impossible to state in which incident this occurred. The fact remains that an agreement was made that none of the material should leave China and that title to all discoveries rested with the geological survey. It is a sobering thought that even if the Japanese had won the War in the Pacific and carried off *Sinanthropus* to decorate Imperial Museums, at least the specimens would have been preserved.

The work at Chou Kou Tien has not ceased. Since 1949 the Laboratory of Vertebrate Palaeontology of the Academia Sinica has resumed investigations. More *Sinanthropus* teeth have been recovered, and portions of a humerus and tibia found among the pre-war fossil remains at Peking.

In recent years attention has shifted to the rich Kwangsi cave-deposits where the remains of yet another creature with some hominid characteristics have been uncovered, so that our knowledge of human or proto-human history will certainly be extended in the near future.



New Writing in Indonesia

A. H. Johns

THE Indonesian national language, Bahasa Indonesia, is linked in a particularly intimate way with the development of the Indonesian national movement. As a term, Bahasa Indonesia dates from the year 1928, when the participants of an all Indonesian Youth Conference pledged their loyalty to one fatherland, Indonesia, and espoused Bahasa Indonesia as their national language. This ideal of a nationalism created out of and deriving its vigour from ethnic and cultural diversity was of great nobility. The new movement was not merely, or even perhaps primarily political in nature, rather it represented an endeavour on the part of the young (and pitifully few) Indonesian intelligentsia to renew the whole of Indonesian social life. The complex of movements which arose during the thirties is a striking illustration of this: craftsmen's societies to win markets for Indonesian traders, unions of workers to resist exploitation, religious groups attempting to redefine ultimate concepts, philosophic discussion clubs attempting to clarify Indonesian metaphysical and moral notions; school associations striving to revivify Indonesian education; co-operative societies trying to work out new forms of economic organization, and cultural groups moving towards a renaissance of Indonesian artistic life, all over and above the political movements working more directly against the

Dutch. It is as a part and an expression of this richness of endeavour that the development of Bahasa Indonesia as a national language must be understood, for it was to be a bond of unity for the different peoples of Indonesia, not only for the Makassarese, Balinese, Sundanese, Batak, and the many other Indonesian ethnic groups, but for all who wished to make Indonesia their home, whether Chinese, Eurasian, Papuan or Dutch. It was a language to join all these peoples in a common allegiance to a higher unity. Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana, one of the founders of the literary periodical *Pudjangga Baru* in 1933, defined the characterising feature of the Indonesian national awakening as the desire to unite among the Indonesian peoples in order to work together for their mutual benefit. It was not something to be limited to any geographical region of Indonesia, nor to any particular ethnic stock within its boundaries. Rather, he saw it as a spirit of modernisation moving through every level of Indonesian society, and transforming it sufficiently to enable Indonesia to take its places as an equal in the community of nations.

In 1928, the national language, Bahasa Indonesia, existed only in the minds of the youth who pledged themselves to it. The Malay, which was the basis on which their language was to be developed, was by no means a national

language ready made; it was not in any sense a language of the modern world; it was the native language only of a minority of Indonesians. They faced the additional obstacle that Malay had no social standing, it was the language in which a servant might address his master. Further, European pedants who had arbitrarily settled on one type of 17th century Malay as representing the ultimate in the development of the language were contemptuously critical of this conscious attempt to develop Malay into a language of the modern world. Anything not classical was by definition bazaar. Bousquet in 1935 could write of that ridiculous language Malay! This type of pedantry was largely disregarded in Indonesia, where the language developed in direct opposition to Dutch, as an instrument of national reawakening, and the assertion of an Indonesian cultural and national identity, over and against that of the Dutch. In Malaya, however, it effectively stunted the development of Malay as a national urban language of unification.

THE task confronting the group determined to develop Bahasa Indonesia then was formidable. To make it effective as a modern language they had to create for it a sophisticated and literary content which would equal the attraction of that of a modern literature in any modern language.

Although without any formal training in the nature of language, these young people had the right notion that the only way to develop a language is to use it without too much thinking about it. In 1933, three young writers, Takdir Alijahbana, Armijn Pane and Amir Hamzah founded a literary and cultural periodical which they called *Pudjangga Baru*. The field the periodical set itself to cover expanded rapidly. At birth it styled itself a monthly magazine devoted to language, literature, culture and the arts. In its third year it became the bearer of a new

spirit into literature, the arts, culture and society. And one year later, it set itself the task of fostering a spirit of dynamism which would create a new Indonesian national culture. These aims were defined in the broadest possible terms, and the periodical accepted contributions from any Indonesian of nationalistic convictions and an interest in culture.

Thus, the eight or so years of its publication—up to the time of the Japanese occupation—form one of the most important single sources for the study and understanding of Indonesian political and cultural aspirations, literary and social values and theories of education. The greatest practical proof of the success of these pioneers of Bahasa Indonesia is the present day complete adequacy of the language for every field of Indonesian life, and every section of the population. The greatest cultural proof of their success is the existence of a modern Indonesian literature in all fields of cultural expression, artistic and literary criticism, philosophy and religion, poetry and the novel, the essay and the short story. One needs only to mention such names as Achdiat Karta Mihardja, Pramudya Ananta Tur, Asrul Sani and Sudjatmoko. And those who are weak-minded enough (usually colonial administrator amateurs) to fear the results of linguistic miscegenation need only to compare the language of the articles in *Pudjangga Baru*, represented in *Polemik Kebudayaan*, with that of the best postwar Indonesian writers to see that as a result of determined, if at times awkward usage, the language has developed its own vitality, extending over wider and wider areas of human experience and creating its own aesthetic norms. There is no need to consider it in relation to its homeland, Minangkabau, or the traditional language of Johore-Riau. It is a valid and sensitive medium of expression in its own right for Javanese and Sundanese, as well as Bataks and Minangkabau.

To speak in greater detail of the ideological content of Indonesian writing would result in an essay of great length, but a few general points merit reiteration. Bahasa Indonesia embodies the desire of a wide range of peoples to unite for their mutual benefit and is a symbol of their unity. During the thirties it became a medium for the debates concerning the sources and destination of the new Pan-Indonesian culture, some laying greater emphasis on the use of traditional elements in Indonesian civilization, others, such as Takdir Alisjahbana, urging a thorough going revitalisation of society through western education. During the Japanese occupation it received official recognition, and in secret (for the Japanese censorship was strict) the seeds of the literary efflorescence associated with the year 1945 were sown. One group of new Indonesian writers inspired by such slogans as Universal Humanism and Human Dignity proudly bore the slogan: 'We are the legitimate heirs of the culture of the whole world, a culture ours to extend and develop in our own way.' Another group preferred to find its inspiration in the struggle of the masses,

describing their cultural aims as 'art for the people' or 'creative realism,' a combination of 'critical realism' and 'romantic revolutionism.' Thus almost all the European literary movements of the last 50 years, realism, naturalism, romantic idealism, impressionism, expressionism, etc., have some kind of following. And a random glance at any leading Indonesian cultural periodical will show discussions of and translations from Dostoyevsky, Zola, Chekov, Anouilh, Gide, Satre, Camus and many others. To this one must add a large bulk of writing on religious, political and economic themes. Yet if one were to define the salient characteristic of the best contemporary Indonesian writers, one would, I think, describe it as a basic integrity: a passion to understand themselves and their individual predicaments, the aspirations and despairs of their peoples.

The present political troubles should not obscure the very real measure in which the slogan United in Diversity has been realized in Indonesia, and the part Bahasa Indonesia has played in achieving it.



In the Season of Festivities

10 November, 1960

BANGKOK is having her face lifted and will soon be as hard to recognize as a rather comfortably dressed old lady selected by Hollywood to play the part of a youthful police-woman and 'given the works' accordingly.

This one-time claimant to the title Venice of the East (also to Paris of the East and several others) never did look much like Venice—now, not at all. When, many decades ago, newly constructed roads won most of the heavy traffic from the *klongs* (canals), the latter were at least allowed to remain as sometimes picturesque borders to the roads—pale stretches of gleaming, tree-shadowed water during and after the rains; stinking wastes of glutinous black slime, love-nests and nurseries for mosquitoes in the dry season. To-day, few of them remain, but those that do make road-widening a two or three years' job. First, enormous pipes have to be laid along the beds of the *klongs* flanking the road; then earth is poured in to bring them up to the level of the existing road, and a year or more has to elapse for this earth to settle before metalling can be undertaken.

Road-widening, however, was only the first step. The city is now being cleaned up in more senses than one. Shacks have been removed and their unwilling inhabitants sent to live in distant parts of the suburbs where work is hard to find. A spate of laws have been or are being passed, according to which—among many other things—dropping cigarette-butts in the street or driving while improperly dressed become punishable offences. The latter is a terrifying regulation because 'improperly dressed' is not defined. Are we to be arrested if we drive hatless or tieless, or only if we are naked below the waist? This correspondent likes in hot weather to drive with naked feet. Woe to him if the police are armed with metal-penetrating videoscopes! Any way, it is flattering to our civic consciousness to hear visitors

exclaim one after another: 'How clean you look these days!'

Another set of laws has outlawed prostitution, though it may be that their principal aim is to make it less obvious than it used to be; for, if the law is too strictly enforced, the law-enforcers will find their leisure time hang with unwonted heaviness upon their hands. Soliciting persons of the same sex carries a double penalty, so one of Bangkok's oldest institutions—the mincing travesties with their beautiful clothes, convincingly girlish faces and not so convincing voice—will soon have disappeared. Their spiritual line stretches back to hoary antiquity. They descend from the religious dancing-boys of ancient India, via those basically unladylike 'ladies' who so shocked the secretary of the Chinese plenipotentiary in the Indianized Cambodia of the Ninth Century by leading members of His Excellency's staff far from the path of rectitude; and thence, via their counterparts in Cambodianized Thailand (Siam as it was called), up to the realistic-looking 'ladies' who, until very recently, were sometimes summoned to act as waitresses at such staid functions as the Annual Bus Promoters' Dinner. So it seems that this one-time Paris of the East is destined to achieve the same prophylactic atmosphere as, say, Singapore. Canals, shacks, casual refuse-dumps, cigarette-butts, improperly dressed drivers, prostitutes of two or three sexes—all are gone, or well on their way out. It would be nice if the same could be said for the ubiquitous mosquitoes who remain so scornful of the law that they are apt to bite the faces of policemen in the very act of taking down the names and addresses of cigarette-butt delinquents.

TALKING of delinquents, some time ago, several thousand hooligans—young ne'er-do-wells not unlike the more youthful members of Hong

Kong's 'mutual protection societies'—were rounded up and sent to a kind of prison for re-education. The first batch or so have now been released and, so we are told, are proving themselves model citizens. Good luck to them! The closure some two years ago of the Government opium-halls, some larger than biggish hotels and with as many as four hundred lamps all winking simultaneously, has in any case deprived hooligans of the free lodging formerly provided by these dens of iniquity where poor men could buy twelve hours' contentment for the price of a cheap cinema seat. On the day when the dens were closed and all opium-smoking banned, the Prime Minister proudly announced that Thailand had thereby become a civilized country, also that the Government would soon open more liquor-distilleries. Since then, morphine and heroin addiction has progressed by leaps and bounds. These, being not uncommon in the United States, are of course more civilized than opium, but the Government's efforts to stamp out their use are hindered by the fact that they are easier to smuggle and harder to detect while actually being consumed.

Recently, the Government suggested to Chinese merchants in various parts of the city that they might like to demonstrate their civic pride by making voluntary subscriptions towards the cost of fountains to be erected upon islands at the major crossroads. Voluntary subscriptions came pouring in and now we have fountains throwing up great jets of water which fall in rainbow clouds of spray, the rainbow effect being achieved by lights of many colours playing upon the water. In the dry season, when the water shortage becomes acute, we shall be able to refresh ourselves by standing and looking at this gaily coloured spray.

Well, it is tempting for a reprobate like your correspondent to regard all these changes from several points of view; all the same, in justice to Bangkok's Powers-That-Be, it must be admitted that much thought and effort have gone into the performance of this civic face-lifting and that, by the standards of the United Nations or any other public body, the results

are largely to the good. It is better to have to abstain from dropping cigarette-butts and at the same time feel no fear of possible attentions from hooligans than to enjoy liberty of tobacco-dispersion together with freedom to be pickpocketed or otherwise misused. The majority of Bangkokites are, on the whole, pleased with the results of most—but not all—of these reforms.

THIS is the season of festivities. A few days ago, the Roi Krathong Festival was performed on rivers, canals and lakes throughout the country. Beautiful floats constructed of bamboo and flower-petals, containing lighted candles and incense-sticks, were piously lowered into the water and allowed to drift where the spirit (or spirits) moved them. Everyone felt that this was a good thing to do and the resulting spectacle, except on the motor-boat-churned Chaopeya River, was certainly rewarding, but your correspondent could not discover any measure of agreement as to the why and wherefore. For whom were those frail, illuminated barques intended? For the local River Gods, for India's Mother Ganga, for the spirits of the departed, for sprites and demons in general? Some said one, some another and some could not answer, but all were agreed that much merit would result from this pious deed.

The other ceremony of note was the Kathin Ceremony. Small boats, middle-sized boats and long, thin 'dragon-boats'—to use a very slightly inappropriate Chinese term—sailed up the river taking parties of layfolk to make offerings to the monks in various river-side monasteries—chiefly of yellow cloth for their monastic robes, but also of flowers, incense, betel-nut, thermos-flasks, toilet-paper, tape-recorders, tea-pots and other comforts for the homeless ones. Ancient music, dancing and vast quantities of locally made spirits for use later in the evening added to the gaiety of an otherwise solemn and moving event. In Bangkok, most happily, solemnity untinctured by gaiety is unknown.

Chu Feng



Letter from London

The Lady Chatterley Nonsense

14 November, 1960

THE British people, who have let their government cede to a foreign power the right to decide whether and when they shall be push-buttoned out of existence, have won this month a famous victory for freedom. Twelve good men and true have ruled that Britons may describe in print the sexual act—an act which, from all the evidence, must have been going on here for some time in a quiet way. Furthermore the verdict in the case of *Regina v. Penguin Books, Ltd. (in re Lady Chatterley's Lover)*, shivers the chains attached to a monosyllable beginning with F, which plain folk have used for centuries to describe the said act but which prior to November 1960 none might print without a visit from the police.

This familiar arrangement of four letters has already appeared (in quotes from the court record) in two newspapers, the *Manchester Guardian* and *London Observer*, and as of this writing *London Bridge* stands. (The man who quoted it in the *Observer* was that dreadful fellow Kenneth Tynan, who a while back was caught flagrantly disagreeing with President Eisenhower in the U.S. and most properly hauled before the inquisition.) Now let anyone say that the U.S., whose vaunted press freedom stops short at a few hundred pornographic picture-magazines, is ahead of good old Albion.

Coming before His Bewigged Lordship while the U.S. Presidential contenders raced down the home stretch, Lady Chatterley with her near-monopolization of front pages reduced still lower the interest in Kennedy-or-Nixon which was already practically zero. At a time when critics point to a West-wide moral breakdown with regard to sex, sadism and mass-killing, the performance is worth brief attention in foreign

parts for its commentary on that remarkable species, Anglo-Saxon Man.

A few days after the sensational verdict, a teen-ager and a slightly older companion were hanged here in London for killing a man. Liberal intellectuals had pleaded with the authorities to consider the futility and savagery of continuing to top criminal with legal murder. Fellow-prisoners in Wandsworth Jail spent the previous night banging eating utensils against cell doors. (Perhaps because they couldn't buy *Lady C*?) Outside in the rain, one little old man carried a chalked sign: 'According to the law of God hanging is wrong.' A huge, drab woman lingering under the wreckage of an umbrella said: 'I always come and say just a few prayers—that's all we can do for them.' Such was the popular concern about the two youths' lives, though it had taken less time to declare them forfeit to 'society' in a neighbouring court than to acquit a publisher of arranging four letters in a particular order.

Between political gatherings to whoop it up for nuclear deterrents, Tory ladies shrilled that only yet more hangings—plus a return to the cat-o'-nine-tails—could save us all from gory death and/or rape at the hands of low-class amok-runners of our own community. But just an hour after the two 'deterrent' corpses were taken down from Wandsworth gallows, a guard was shot dead by hold-up men in a bank south of London . . . And the Tory ladies? Some, no doubt, were by this time deep in *Lady C*—if they were lucky enough to get a copy in the siege of booksellers which everywhere followed the verdict. Although freely available for many years without the naughty words, the 'unexpurgated' version immediately formed queues outside bookstores such as are seen for

a new edition of Pushkin or Mark Twain in Moscow. One West End store sold 2,500 copies in 3¼ hours, another sold out in 40 minutes, another in 15 with 'about 3,000 orders during the day.' Selfridges department store, opening at 9 a.m. and selling its last copy at 9.05, reported: 'It's absolute bedlam here—we could have sold 10,000 if we had them.' Food stores started selling *Lady C* as a come-on for their soups and custard powders.

AND everyone saw THOSE WORDS in print, and the evening and the morning were the first day; and the great debate raged across the land as to whether God, our help in ages past, could be expected to preside in years to come over a Britain that printed a C, a U, a K and an F in another order. Bishop Robinson of Woolwich had bravely testified at the trial that D. H. Lawrence tried to portray sex as 'something sacred.' In a 'stern rebuke' the Archbishop of Canterbury boomed back: 'The good pastor will teach his people to avoid both the fact of, and the desire for, sex experience of an adulterous kind and fornication also.' Letters to the *Times* from 'top people' (as that paper calls its readers) began: 'Graphic descriptions of love-making may be artistic, but . . .', 'As one of the usually silent but, I believe, not unthinking myriads of my countrymen . . .', etc.

The *Times* leader-writer sniffed at the verdict under the heading 'A Decent Reticence,' and Tory MP Dudley Smith took the cue by asking in Commons whether 'the obscene libel published in the Manchester *Guardian*' (he meant THAT WORD) would be 'brought to the attention of the Director of Public Prosecutions.' (He got a two-letter-word answer: 'No.') The Tory *Daily Mail* rashly asked playwright Arnold

Wesker to comment, and found itself printing something hardly more printable (politically) than THAT WORD: 'We live in an inherently corrupt society . . . the principle of private enterprise . . . I cannot see how our morality can be anything but corrupt. This is the society Lawrence was writing against, and it follows it was this society that condemned him.' Wesker saw in the verdict no 'shift in morality' since our same society makes no effective move against professional pornographers; ' . . . Lawrence's book did not need defending, but the society which condemned it needed attacking.' On the church front, the latest developments are Bishop Robinson's withdrawal from the *Church of England Newspaper* of an article written in defence of his trial testimony, and a pro-Robinson sermon by Manchester Cathedral's Cannon Preston who suggested that 'shocked Christians' should ask themselves 'what it is that shocks them.' In Scotland, despite a 'heavy demand' for *Lady C*, stores are not stocking it 'in view of the difficult and uncertain legal position' north of the border. Columnist-MP Tom Driberg foresaw a *Lady C* black market in Scotland and wondered whether 'when we go north our luggage will be searched by dour Calvinistic agents of the Procurators Fiscal.'

Anyhow I hope everyone realizes that Britons never never never shall be slaves—or hardly ever. Let's be decent fellows in this morality debate and not embarrass our glorious allies by mentioning Holy Loch, germ population-killers, Algeria and stuff like that. Irrelevant, my dear Watson: the point is that we've printed those four letters in THAT order and gotten away with it. If this doesn't prove that the Free World is keeping its morality up to date, just tell me what will. Praise the Lord and pass the deterrents!

Cedric Belfrage



Music and Dance in Burma

T. D. Chen

PROBABLY no other Asian people is more fond of music and dance than the Burmese. Here I mean the traditional Burmese music and dance, of course. The Burmese is well-known for their sense of enjoyment. They have numerous festivals all around the year; and as Burma is an agricultural country and nearly all of the inhabitants are devout Buddhists, the festivals they observe are either dedicated to the Buddhist deities, or for the benefit of agriculture, such as prayer for rain, for good harvest, or for thanksgiving. On these as well as on many other happy occasions, like wedding or initiation, dancing parties invariably appear on the streets. These dancing parties, mostly composed of boys and girls, parade on the street, dancing and singing as they proceed to the accompaniment of music. Nearly all Burmese, men and women are good dancers in their traditional way, and most of them can sing a few folk songs to the delight of the crowds. So popular are music and dance with the people.

A Burmese orchestra generally consists of *pat-ma* (double-headed drums), *kyi-waing* (drums-circle), *pat-waing* (gongs-circle), triangular bells, bells, brass cymbals, waist-drum, harp, *sheng*, flute, shell, mouth-organ and so on. The *pat-ma* or double-headed drum is soul-stirring, while the drums-circle is peculiarly delicious to the oriental ear. On the whole, Burmese

instrumental music is endowed with a strong and instinctive national flavour, yet there is an unmistakable kinship between the Burmese and Chinese music. For instance, the Burmese *hne* which is used to indicate the major rhythms in instrumental accompaniment recalls the *suona* used in Peking operas.

Burmese dance is well-known for its foot, waist, hand, and head movements. When these movements are properly intermixed and co-ordinated, an intricate and exquisite dance is thereby produced. In Burmese dance we may see three distinctive sources. Some are in imitation of production activities of the working people, and some are derived from the daily life, like Combing-hair, Looking in the Mirror, Arranging Flowers, or Picking-



up Jewels; while others have evidently come down from the former Royal period, such as Court-dance, Palace-ladies' dance, Minister of State's dance and Big-Drum dance.

As Burmese music is generally used for accompaniment to dancing, it would be difficult to give a separate description of the one without the other. Therefore, in order to enable the reader to visualize the actual working of a Burmese orchestra, let us quote a passage from *View to the Southeast* by Santha Rama Rau. This is what the well-known Indian authoress writes out of her own observation:

... the Burmese orchestra is set a little below the level of the stage. The *saing-waing*, the most important instrument, looks like a fantastic mirrored and gilded circular cage. Inside are a series of graded drums, each tuned with a blob of rice paste in the middle; and in the center the musician sits on a tiny stool, swinging from side to side, beating the drum, and setting the mood and the pace for the orchestra. Around this leader are ranged the flute and drum player, and on one side, slung from a fabulous golden frame, are the two huge gongs that maintain the basic beat of the music.

The dancers appear, dressed in the most luxurious of *longyis*, jackets and jewelry, and face the audience with almost formidable assurance. They joke and flirt with men in the orchestra and then, suddenly, they flare into short bursts of dancing, as brilliantly and surprisingly as fire-crackers. Immediately after a famous dancer has been wildly applauded, a comedian may do an absurd take-off on the same dance, and his casual ridicule of a great art form draws equal appreciation.

Burmese music finds warm appreciation with Chinese audiences because music of these two countries has long been in communion with each other. As early as at the beginning of the 9th century A.D. we find it so recorded in *T'ang Hui Yao*, an Outline of the T'ang History:



'In the first month, 802, the Kingdom of Pyü sent thirty-five musicians to court with twelve pieces of music. The pieces were all expositions of stories from the Buddhist *sūtras* and *sāstras*. Pyü lies to the west of Yunnan and is close to India, which is the reason why so many expositions on Buddhist stories occur in their music. When they perform a piece they all chant in an even tone, each of them evenly opening and closing their fingers to give the appearance of making the rhythm. They never failed to keep time together. It is something like the Chie-Chih dance.'

The presentation took place during the New Year celebrations in 802, and the performances aroused a good deal of interest. Both the celebrated poets, Po Chu-i and Yuan Chen, wrote poems on the occasion, Po's lines running as below:

玉螺一吹椎髻聳，
銅鼓一擊文身踊；
珠璣炫轉星宿搖，
花鬘斗鉞龍蛇動。

*At the first blast of the jewelled shell, their
matted locks grow crisp,
At one blow from their copper gong their
painted limbs leap.
Pearl streams glitter as they twist, as though
the stars were shaken in the sky,
Flowery crowns nod and whirl, with the
motion of the dragon or snake.*

Again, according to *Hsin T'ang Shu*, the New Annals of the T'ang Dynasty:

'All the musicians were K'un-lun. They were dressed in deep red cotton fabric and wore aprons of *chao hsia* which they called *kaiman*. Around their shoulders was wrapped a piece of *chao hsia* passing their armpit. They wore gold or jewelled bracelets on their arms and legs. They wore golden caps, and ear pendants in their left and right ears.'

It is possible the K'un-lun referred to here were the Mons who at this period occupied Lower Burma; and this also gives

us an idea how costly and grotesque the costume was.

IN Burmese, as well as in Chinese, music, the five-tone, six-tone, and seven-tone scales are in use. For instance, in the songs sung during the *Modern Nyat Par Thwar* (modern *pas de deux*) and in *On the Coast of Nya-Pa-Li*, a choral song and several other pieces, we find that the lyrics are generally based on the five- or seven-syllabic styles which on occasion break into ten syllables when need arises. Here, too, we find a great similarity with the style of ancient Chinese verse. Here in these beautiful Burmese music and lyrics is *paukphaw*—the voice of a kinsman.

Burmese music and dance have made further development along the traditional line through contact with foreign nations. As a result of the Burmo-Thai War in 1564 the dance of the Chiengmai nationality of Thai was introduced into Burma and certain dance of this category is preserved until today. The Chiengmai nationality originally immigrated from Yunnan, who are now scattered in Thailand and Laos. Now we may trace our cultural relations by a study of the na-

tional music and dance of these two countries.

The Burmese dance-drama, which has recently developed on the basis of the classical dance and gestures, is an excellent vehicle for mythological and traditional subjects, as in *Sanda Kainagyi*. But the Burmese artists have shown that it can also be effectively adapted for the treatment of modern themes like *The Tale Told by the Irrawaddy*, which is indeed brilliantly executed and highly polished.

The people in Peking had a rare opportunity of appreciating the best Burmese music and dance, when the Cultural and Goodwill Art Troupe of the Union of Burma visited China last August. The troupe of 61 artists consisted of some of Burma's most celebrated dancers, singers and musicians. Its repertoire included an episode from a dramatic ballet with the well-known dancer U Kenneth Sein in the leading role, short amusing pieces by Shwe Man Tin Maung who is known for his humour, and items by the noted dancer Sein Aung Min who combines singing and dancing in his performance. Through the performances of these Burmese artists, the Chinese audiences gained a fuller understanding of the rich art of the Burmese music and dance.



Chin: the Chinese Lute

Cha Fu-hsi

THE *chin*, or Chinese lute, is one of the oldest stringed instruments in China. Twenty-five centuries ago it was used by the nobility in sacrifices and other ceremonies and also in the cultivation of virtue. It was not so much music for enjoyment as a part of the self-cultivation and moral training of the upper class. Confucius, on self-cultivation of the superior man, said that he should first study the *Book of Songs*, then the *Book of Rites* and attain accomplishment through music. Such was always the view of the old Chinese literati. Thus Ouyang Hsiu, a prominent scholar of the Sung dynasty, said: 'Though we strum the *chin* with our fingers it is the mind that directs the sound; and we hear the *chin* not with our ears but our hearts.' In other words, the lute-player should be pure of heart and his hearers should appreciate the moral message. This indicates the importance attached to the *chin* by scholars of past ages.

During the period of the Warring States (403 B.C. - 221 B.C.) the *chin* began to be more widely played, turned into music for enjoyment; and developing further, became one of the most important forms of music in ancient China. Before it won this popularity the *chin* was commonly played in rituals with another stringed instrument, the *se*, and these performances were known as 'court music.'

After the fifth century B.C. such ritual music began to decline. Towards the end of the Han dynasty, in the third century, the famous general-poet Tsao Tsao attempted to revive it; but by that time four tunes only were extant. And in the second half of the third century even these four tunes were lost during some changes in the government office of music. So the ritual *chin* and *se* music used by the Chinese feudal rulers for the next sixteen centuries was actually an imitation having little artistic value. During this time, however, the *chin* made great headway among the people.

After the fifth century B.C., notably in the first century B.C., there were fresh development in *chin* music and there appeared such famous lute-players as Shih Chung, Chao Ting and Lung Teh, all of whom performed in the imperial court. These men were not only virtuosi on the *chin* but composers with a grasp of musical theory, who left certain written works. Although these have been lost, archaeological finds tell us certain things about the *chin* music of ancient times.

After this period the scholars became attached to the *chin* too; many of them learned to play it, studied the theory and wrote works on *chin* music, until gradually there grew up quite a body of writings on the art of playing the lute. These old scholars, in addition to making

good instruments and composing music, also paid considerable attention to musical theory. A famous lute-player and writer towards the end of the Han dynasty, Tsai Yung (133-192), wrote 'The Character of the *Chin*,' elucidating various traditional tunes. In the third century another well-known scholar, Chi Kang (223-262), wrote a poem which contributed much to the appreciation of the *chin*. In the sixth century Chen Chung-ju and in the seventh Chao Ya-li and others created special musical notations for *chin* scores. In the ninth century Hsueh Yi-chien in his 'Chin Technique' made a study on the aesthetic aspect of this art. In the eleventh century Chu Chang-wen wrote a 'History of *Chin* Music.'

The value of these early writings was recognized in the Ming and early Ching dynasty (from the fourteenth to seventeenth century) after printing became widespread. There were also large editions of *chin* scores and works on *chin* music which embodied the results of centuries of study by earlier scholars and musicians. Down the centuries scholars and folk artists in collaboration laboured to improve the instrument, to produce new compositions, scores and notations, and to raise the standard of performance and appreciation. Though certain pedants refused to include works on the *chin* in their bibliographies on the ground that such literature was heterogeneous and vulgar, there was a scientific body of writings on *chin* music by the seventeenth century.

IN every generation lute-players complained that few could appreciate their art, indicating that there were never too many expert exponents of the *chin* and that there were many different schools with different styles. Nevertheless for centuries the Chinese people have loved this music. As far as 1,700 years back the instrument already had a fixed form. It is about 1.2 metres long, 0.17 metres

wide at one end and 0.13 at the other, about 0.2 metres across at the broadest part—the shoulder—and between 0.03 and 0.07 metres thick. The sound box is convex above and flat below; the strings are stretched from the broad to the narrow end and attached to the pedals underneath. The most ancient *chin*, dating from before 1,700 years ago, were a little shorter and broader, like the stone *chin* in Chuke Liang's temple in Mienyang, Szechuan.

Considerable skill is required to make a *chin*. It was not usually made for sale, and few folk artists could fashion one. But men of the Han dynasty still possessed quite a few ancient lutes handed down from the nobles of the Chou dynasty; and these were of such good quality that during the four hundred years of the Han dynasty no new *chin* was made until Tsai Yung revived the art at the end of the dynasty. The great Tsin dynasty painter Ku Kai-chih depicted a man making a *chin*, while Hsieh Chuang in the fifth century and other men of letters of the T'ang dynasty left sketches and notes on the construction of this instrument. During the T'ang dynasty there were nine famous *chin* makers in the Lei family in Szechuan, while the Yangtze Valley had such famous craftsmen as Shen Liao and Chang Yueh. In the Sung dynasty large numbers of *chin* were made in official and private workshops. Chu Chih-yuan of the Yuan dynasty was a celebrated *chin* maker; and so were Chu Kung-wang and Chang Chin-hsiu of the Ming dynasty. Many well-to-do lute players followed the tradition of leaving the good instruments to posterity, which accounts for the thousands of fine *chin* passed down from one hand to another through these centuries. So, although the ancient *chin* was not manufactured as a commodity, the old instrument has come down to us through twenty centuries.

From archaeological evidence and nearly two hundred records concerning *chin* music, we can see that after the Han

dynasty it was played among the people first as an accompaniment to singing, then in conjunction with the *hsiao* or flute and finally in solo performances. After the Sui and T'ang dynasties solo performances on the *chin* became more popular. For two thousand years these were the only three forms of music in which the *chin* was used: no other combination has been successfully developed.

When the ancient *chin* music spread to the people, as it was during a period of change and disorder, musicians naturally played the traditional tunes to accompany their singing. At the beginning of the Han dynasty they still sang the songs of the Chou dynasty, like 'The Bleating Stag' and 'The Lonely Orchid' to a *chin* accompaniment. One of the stone reliefs of the Wu Family Temple in Shantung shows a man playing the *chin* and singing. Han terra cotta tomb figures also include musicians playing the *chin* and singing at the same time; and most of the ancient tunes recorded in Tsai Yung's 'Character of the *Chin*' had words to them—evidently in the Han dynasty there was much singing to a *chin* accompaniment. Words in the *chin* songs we have collected from old scores total some four hundred thousand characters. This shows that for the last two thousand years the *chin* has served to accompany singing.

THE sound volume of the ancient *chin* is not large. Since the *hsiao* is the only Chinese wind instrument with a comparable volume, it is easy to understand why the *hsiao* was used to accompany the *chin*. Han stone reliefs and terra cotta figures show these two instruments being played together. Of course, both were used to accompany singing too. At the beginning of the nineteenth century when the traditional scores circulated widely, scores of *chin* and *hsiao* duets were published, having come down through the ages.

Solo pieces on the *chin*, however, form the most important part of ancient *chin* music. Since these melodies were more expressive, unrestricted by language or differences in local dialects, they spread very easily. The most celebrated old *chin* tunes were usually performed as solos. The Chekiang school of lute-players in the Southern Sung dynasty and the Yushan school towards the end of the Ming dynasty both opposed using the *chin* as an accompaniment to singing, insisting that it was independent instrumental music. During the last three centuries the *chin* has been less and less used for an accompaniment to singing or for duets with the *hsiao*.

In the past two thousand years *chin* music has developed very slowly. The instrument was never produced in large quantities, the music was seldom performed by more than two or three musicians together. Though scores were written for nearly twenty centuries, no single player could read those dating from more than three centuries before him, for the methods of notation and scoring kept changing. After the fall of the Ch'ing dynasty in 1911, attempts were made to revive the ancient music, but those doing this fell into the mistake of trying to preserve the *chin* as an ancient relic. Hence this did not lead to any real revival. In fact, after the war against the Japanese many old lute-players died or gave up playing, and most of the old *chin* clubs were disbanded. After the death of the last maker of *chin* strings, the art appeared to be extinct.

However, a conference of artists and writers was held in 1953 which gave much encouragement to art and literature, and brought about a revival of *chin* music too. Amateur lute-players were organized throughout the country to take part in performances and to teach pupils, while professional lute-players have joined the conservatories of music, or research institutes. Many ancient tunes are now broadcast or made into gramophone re-

cords. Today lute-players frequently perform in concerts to thousands of listeners and receive enthusiastic response. Some of the new historical plays and ballets include *chin* performances; film orchestras sometimes also use the old *chin* music in historical films. The conservatories of music in Peking, Shanghai, Chengtu and Shenyang now offer special courses in the *chin*; the *chin* clubs and other musical organizations in different parts of the country are searching for lost tunes, composing new tunes and teaching people to play this traditional instrument.

The Institute for the Study of Chinese Music has collected a great many works and scores of *chin* music. In addition to 67 works and scores recorded within the last century, 70 unknown hitherto unrecorded works have been discovered. Now we have about 3,300 scores of more than 560 compositions dating from after the Han dynasty, as well as directions for the fingering of more than 1,100 scores from the Southern and Northern Dynasties (A.D. 317-581) downwards. Researches carried out under the guidance of the Chinese Musicians' Union have enabled eight experts to reconstruct the ancient compositions 'The Lonely Orchid' and 'Kuanglin San' (a tune popular 1,700 years ago), which have not been played for several centuries. All these old *chin* scores and directions for fingering have been embodied in two encyclopaedias of two million characters, which make it possible for us to rediscover and play again tunes forgotten since ancient times. In the past, lute-players without access to such material found the scores more than three centuries old incomprehensible; but today we can collect and study materials from all over China to revive the fine old traditions of *chin* music.

TODAY in addition to solo *chin* recitals, not only have we revived *chin* and

hsiao duets and *chin* accompaniments to singing, but there have also been fresh innovations. Many old music lovers in local groups and clubs are helping the daily increasing number of new amateur musicians to learn this ancient art and practising hard to improve their own playing. Some old compositions have been adapted for performances with other instruments in orchestral concerts. Three years ago the *chin* could be used in concerts only for three or four traditional tunes; now the standard of performance has been greatly raised and the repertoire extended. Today lute-players can give a recital of *chin* music lasting for two or three hours.

Thousands of old instruments are being collected by lute-players, organizations of musicians and museums. These old *chin* are refurnished with pegs and strings and used again: indeed a number of museums are even lending their *chin* for musicians to use. The Chinese Musical Instruments Factory in Soochow is now manufacturing *chin* on a large scale and they are selling in hundreds. The co-operative in Soochow which produces *chin* strings has taken in new apprentices. The reforms made in other traditional instruments have encouraged lute-players to experiment with the *chin*. Thus the Central Conservatory, the Institute of Musical Research, the Chinese Musical Instruments Factory in Soochow and other craftsmen have produced four types of improved *chin* with a larger sound volume which have been used in concerts. Experiments of this kind are still going on.

So, this traditional art with its history of more than two thousand years has been carried to a new stage. But this is just the beginning. Such a development is no accident. The old musicians can see clearly that only now is it possible to have a genuine renaissance of the best traditional arts.

Tugela Valley

Margaret Garland

AGAINST the clear blue sky stand the turrets and terraces of the rock kopjes; they rise from the soft foot-hills, which are covered with long pink-gold grass, up and up to the highest peak of all, to the highest peak of the range, the pinnacle rock of half the African continent. But here, lower down, far below the blue sky, below the Sentinel Peak and the water-falls of the river, there is just the waving grass and the dark green, stunted little sugar-bushes, the protea bushes, rich and green and unexpected in this golden desert.

Coming along the path over the hills, sweltering in their clothes, carrying cameras, sweating and pink in the face, are four foreigners. They are following the path which leads up and down over the foot-hills to a place higher up where the rock juts out suddenly from the grass. Here there are some Bushman rock paintings to be seen and because they wish to see them they go toiling along, leaning on the white, peeled native sticks which they have recently acquired.

One of them picks up a stone and shows it off. 'Maillol,' he says, 'Don't you think?' And another, sweeping an arm round to embrace the valley, indicates the sea of pinkish-yellow grass. '... And this,' he says, 'don't you think? An everlasting Bach Fugue?'

Suddenly one of them is tired and can't go on.

'Well, I'm tired, I can't go on. I'm sorry but I really am. I'll wait for you

here. No, I'm not afraid. Yes, I will look out for snakes. Of course I am interested, I shall come another day: I shall get a pony. You all go on, I'll wait for you here. It's so hot, I want to rest.'

So three go on and this one remains behind, nothing in her hand except a white peeled stick which has a zig-zag pattern burnt on it for ornament. She stands looking at it, there in the hot sun, feeling not in the least tired but glad to be alone in the quiet, the long dead grass and the soft air. She turns away off the path and going waist deep in the fine grass, pulls off her dress and slides out of her under-garment and is naked now, in the grass, naked in the air, in the hot sun and the quiet. She goes on with the bundle under her arm, the green bundle and the native stick.

The wind, which she had not noticed before, lifts her hair; it blows cool and soft all over her body, now from here, now from there, like something alive. And she goes with a kind of intensity, with a desire to lose nothing of this moment, to get somewhere, or perhaps to get away from something.

Just down there in the valley is the river, one can't cross there through all the reeds and the mud, so she goes back along the hill and then stands still to look across the wide valley to the other side. Almost indistinguishable from all the surrounding grass are six or seven native huts, like inverted beehives, domes

of grass with little dark doorways visible right across the valley, and a path leading down from them to the river. Nothing else to be seen.

So she stands blown by the wind, strangely pale in the warm glowing pink-gold grass: then turns, waist deep in the grass to look up. And there, not ten yards away are two young Zulus. Two black-brown, blue-shining Zulu men walking one a yard or two behind the other. They too are naked but for a strip of black rag, twisted from a leather thong, between their long straight thighs.

They look down at the pale, creamy-white woman with the little breasts, and the fair hair, with the blank stare of dark eyes in a dark face. And she looks back, with what seems to them the blank stare of pale eyes in a pale face. They do not for an instant check their easy loose-kneed walk; they both look down and they both come on, leisurely, with loose swinging steps. Each carries in his left hand three or four short sticks, and one also carries, swinging from his hand and bumping his thigh at every step, a little earthen ware pot dangling from a thong of raw hide.

The girl, the white woman, stands motionless, looking up at them, noticing the blue shine, the reflection of the sky, on their very dark skins. They look black against the gold and the blue, like night, and it seems proper and pleasing to be so. They show up, they are glaringly conspicuous against their background, standing out sharply, clean, hairless shining black men. Shining with a blackness, blacker than a polished blackness, a night blackness that shines only blue. And their close mat hair is blacker than any night, no shine there at all: that is a final perfect blackness.

And the woman so gleaming pale in the grass below, so pink-pale, and so fragile pale, looking up with blank, quiet eyes. They, looking down with blank, quiet eyes. Each lifts an arm over his head and lets it fall; together they do it as if from one impulse, and in soft, deep

resonant voices, in their soft, musical language wish her good-day (long pleasant vowel-sounds, soft deep consonants), and go their way.

The woman looks at their straight, finely formed backs, not thin and knotted with muscle but sleek and smooth like an animal's back, and at the loose striding thighs, sleek and smooth like an animal's flank, and at their proud dark heads rising from the strong necks and broad shoulders, all free and all to be seen.

And when they have gone out of sight she looks down at the lod, last year's, spikey protea flower, so absurdly dead among the green, round delicately shaped leaves, feeling sorry they had gone.

Along the path under the first clump of protea bushes casting a patch of shade, she stops to put on her clothes again, covering the creamy, fragile paleness of her body. It would be nice to lie down there, black in the sunshine, clothed in the dusty blackness of one's own skin, the blackness blacker than night. Her body seems to her to be like the peeled native stick but incomplete because there is no zig-zag pattern marked on it for ornament, nothing but the peeled white surface and the ruddy fair hair.

The Zulu men had looked at her much as they might have looked at a tree or a pool of water. As if they might have said, 'Look, brother, there is a sugar-bush, a little water: see, a brown buck, a white woman.'

It was nice wasn't it? to be looked at like that, as if one belonged and had a right to be there and naked after all. Surely one did belong. Belong to all this, this earth, this sun and this soft air. This is where, naked and empty-handed, one did really belong. It was right to stand in the grass like a little animal, a little scared, a little curious, with all sorts of unfamiliar sensations rising from some hidden place within. And always now, until she was old, until she was dead, this was something that could never be forgotten.

BOOKS

Japan, Past and Present

Japan

by Sir Esler Dening

(Ernest Benn, Limited, London, 1960.)

IF one had to describe one's impression about the Japanese people in one word after going through the history of Japan, 'enigmatic' would probably be that word. Lying off the north-eastern shore of Asia this island country, isolated from the continent and subject to different geographical conditions, has produced a people that is in many ways peculiar to herself. We have no certain knowledge about the origins of the Japanese, though they appear to be somewhat related with the Koreans. As they possessed no written script until the 7th century A.D., their early history is virtually a mass of myth and legend which have had a preponderant influence upon the political institutions and the mind of the people.

Feudalism in its unmitigated form prevailed in Japan till the Meiji Restoration, before which the country was broken up into dozens of feudal states with the emperor as the nominal overlord who was invariably controlled by a powerful, hereditary house. The Meiji Reform replaced the Shogunate with a bureaucratic government, and the people was given a constitution without actual struggle. But the governing machinery was never purged of its former feudal influence. The only significant fact is the appearance of a new *bourgeoisie* which gained importance through the development of modern industry. This new class of men entered into a grand alliance with the ruling class through their economic influence; and thus the Japanese Government has always shown a dualism of feudal-capitalistic nature, which accounts for many strange political developments in Japan that must appear enigmatical to many foreigners.

The author, who has been in the British foreign service for many years and successively held

high diplomatic positions in Tokyo, is one of the few scholar-diplomats that are qualified to write books of this kind, especially about post-war Japan. This book, short as it is, is both well-proportioned and comprehensive in itself. Half of the book is devoted to the historical background of modern Japan and post-war Japan, and the other half to 'Aspects of Modern Japan' and 'Japan in the Modern World.' As may be expected he does not go to detailed accounts, but all that is essential to the understanding of Japan for the general reader is not wanting. In handling such a mass of entangled events the author has shown a rare skill in presenting the story in a remarkably clear and lucid manner.

On the whole the writer is fair in his attitude, though throughout the book British official view is detectable. He even occasionally reflects fallacies generally current among the Anglo-American officials. For instance, to justify the permanent occupation of Ryukyus by the US army, he said, 'It is also true that, if all American forces were withdrawn from the Ryukyus these islands would be a serious economic liability to Japan, since their populations depend almost wholly for their livelihood upon the services which they perform for the American forces.' Moreover, he calls neutrality for Japan a 'mistaken belief' and expresses fear 'that the escape from one camp would likely result in her being swallowed by the other.' Such views are particularly characteristic of many of the western diplomats who seem to be receptive only to the opinions of government officials, often losing sight of the real wishes and aspirations of the people, who, however, must finally decide the course of history.

As all observers will agree, Japan is still far from being democratic. The Government of modern Japan (except during the last war and shortly before it) has always been in the hands of professional politicians, most of whom come from the former feudal clans or the *samurai* class. The leading politicians all have their henchmen who undertake to secure votes for their bosses. As the parties need large sums of money for general maintenance and election campaign, they must have the financial support of the big businesses; and thus the politicians are apt to make themselves representatives of the money class. What may appear still stranger, before the war it happened more than once that the cabinet was partially or entirely controlled from outside by some retired elder statesmen, or military groups.

Even today the grouping and re-grouping of the Japanese political parties still proceed upon the basis of personalities rather than upon principles, and the names they adopt for their parties are often rendered ridiculous by the party programme and practical policies. On the whole the working of the Diet is such that what the celebrated Japanese parliamentarian Yukio Ozaki remarked 40 years ago still holds true today. Here is what he says in an article entitled 'The Voice of Japanese Democracy' as quoted by Sir Denning:

'Here in the Orient we have had the concept of a faction but none of a public party . . . When political parties are transplanted into the East, they at once partake of the nature of factions, pursuing private and personal interests instead of the interests of the state—as witnessed by the fact of their joining hands by turns with the clan cliques . . . Besides, the customs and usages of feudal times are so deeply impressed upon the minds of men here that even the idea of political parties, as soon as it enters into the minds of our countrymen, germinates and grows according to feudal notions. Such being the case, even political parties which should be based and dissolved solely on principles and on political view, are really affairs of personal connections and sentiments, the relation between the leader and the members of a party being similar to those which subsisted between feudal lord and his retainers.'

The Japanese peasants, shop-keepers and even a portion of the handicraft workers are, generally speaking, not very politically conscious; and the Diet, till the end of the war, used to be a body of professional politicians and representatives of the feudal clans and the *bourgeoisie*. However, things began to take a sharp turn

during the past decade. As a result of defeat, occupation and general disillusion the feudal influence in Japan has received a death blow, and the people, stimulated by the success of the Chinese Revolution, become more and more interested in politics—especially the intellectuals, students and the working class. This trend finds expression in the rapid growth of the Socialist Parties, the powerful trade unions and militant student organizations. But as the parties in opposition are still in the minority, the Conservative government party, of course, can easily ram through whatever bill they are determined to pass; and all the Socialists have been able to do in the Diet is to fight vainly with delaying tactics.

The working class and the students, however, have to rely upon their own strength and fight back with strikes and demonstrations. Thus the two forces are arrayed against each other and the struggle is continued. A notable result of this fierce struggle was the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit to Tokyo. It is indeed a fine example of sarcasm that what a 'representative' government had decided to do should be opposed with such desperate efforts by thousands, nay, by millions of the people whose opinion and interests the government is supposed to represent. What is particularly note-worthy, those who joined the nation-wide struggle represented the cream of the nation—Socialist MP's, industrial workers, students, intellectuals, and a large number of teachers and college professors besides. As neither side would give in, the struggle must by force continue until the government shall be so much democratised as to render external-parliament struggle unnecessary. This is indeed a fundamental phenomenon which no student of Japan can afford to overlook. But is this due to the short-coming of democratic system itself, or to the want of practical experience on the part of Japan? The answer shall be provided by the outcome of the struggle.

Finally, let us take up Japan's post-war position in the world. Japan is the first among the Asian nations which have liberated themselves from western colonialism; but she has brought little good to her Asian neighbours. On the contrary, no sooner had Japan turned herself into an industrial and military power than Korea and China became her objects of aggression; and finally the whole of South-east Asia was overrun by the Japanese army during the Second World War. Then, as a result of defeat and occupation, Japan was dragged into the American sphere of influence, and consequently the outer 'defence line' of the United States was virtually extended to the western shores of the Pacific. And this was brought

about not without the co-operation of a portion of the Japanese themselves; as Japan's monopolists have during the post-war period developed certain common interests with the United States, and numerous ex-warlords have been working hard to rearm Japan with American aid. Thus the post-war Japanese government has always shown a strong pro-American tendency.

But this course will never be very comfortable for Japan. For after the war there emerged a new China on the continent. Japanese students, workers, progressive politicians and intellectuals, as well as numerous enlightened businessmen all look to China for inspirations, and want to have closer ties between these two countries. Leaders of various Japanese groups are constantly travelling between Tokyo and Peking. Thus Japan finds herself in a state of being divided against itself; and though it is clear enough that neutrality would be the only way out for Japan, yet American pressure and invested interests would not lightly allow her to follow the rational course. This being the case, the problem can only be decided by the outcome of the prolonged struggle between feudal-bourgeois alliance on the one side, and the awaking masses led by the workers and students on the other. But in view of geographical proximity and economic interests, Japan should have no good reason to turn her back upon China; therefore, it is hoped that the anomalous situation will not last very long.

Despite what has been said in the above, this book is of very profitable reading, especially

for those who want to gain a general idea of Japan by the help of a short book. The insight and judgment of the author is well shown in his observations concerning the characteristics of Japanese civilization of which we would like to quote here one passage from the Introduction:

The circumstance of the proximity of the Japanese islands to China and Korea must, in the final analysis, be regarded as having had the greatest influence of all upon the formative stages of Japan as a nation. Since they were neighbours geographically they could hardly fail to be in contact, but it was the fact that China was possessed of a great civilization which the Japanese were ready to absorb and to adapt to their own uses, that profoundly affected the future of the Japanese people. The influence of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism and of Chinese thought and culture generally, together with the adoption of Chinese writing, contributed very largely to Japanese civilization. Contact with Europe was not established until the sixteenth century and was only tenuously maintained between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. The Russian Empire had not yet extended its power to the Far East. It was therefore perhaps both natural and inevitable that the more advanced civilization of China should make its impact upon Japan. But it was an impact which was accepted and not imposed.

Lewis Gen



The Carving of Dragons

The Literary Mind and the Carving of Dragons (文心雕龍)

by Liu Hsieh, translated by Vincent Yu Chung Sh'ih
(Columbia University Press, New York, 1959. \$6.00)

THIS is a study of thought and style in Chinese literature, written by Liu Hsieh in the 6th century and now translated into English with a long preface, plenty of notes and a useful glossary. The original work couched in classical Chinese is beyond the comprehension of even the ordinary Chinese and it may be well imagined what a stupendous work it must have been to have this book translated nearly in its entirety. This is one of the few standard works in Chinese classic literature that has passed the test of time; and no scholar of Chinese is considered to be worth the name, unless he has read this book.

The fact that the book was not, until very recently, translated into English shows the difficult nature of the work; and that its subsequent translation is indeed something to be congratulated.

Books on literary criticism are extremely few in Chinese literature before the *Wen Hsien Tiao Lung* (the Literary Mind and the Carving of Dragons) was written; though we are left with several essays on literary criticism written by such renowned writers as Emperor Wen of the Wei dynasty, Lu Chi and a few others, they are incomplete and fragmentary pieces, and none of them can be called such in the full sense. Therefore, speaking of the art of literary criticism we always regard the *Wen Hsien Tiao Lung* as the first complete and systematic book of its kind in the history of Chinese literature.

Liu Hsieh, the author, was born in Tung-kwan about the turn of the 6th century (465-520) in the province of Shantung, but he made his home at Kingkow later. His father died young and Liu Hsieh had to struggle with poverty in his early years. Being single, he lived with a Buddhist friend, Monk Yu, and thus acquired an extensive knowledge in Buddhist sutras.

At the time of Liu Hsieh, florid style of literature was much in vogue. Most scholars

devoted their best years to the study of rhetoric and embellishment to the neglect of real substance. Liu Hsieh hated this, and so he wrote the *Wen Hsien Tiao Lung* as a kind of literary criticism, passing a rather severe but fair judgment on all the great Chinese literary works, past and contemporary. After the work was completed, Liu Hsieh wanted to have the book reviewed, as we would say to-day, by Shen Yo, a high official of his time. As it was difficult for him to approach the official, he posed as a book-pedlar and managed to have the book presented to him when Shen came out of his guarded office. Shen Yo very much appreciated the book, saying 'it is a high attainment in literary art.' Liu Hsieh's literary merits were soon recognized throughout the country; and as a result he was first employed by the Prefect of Liu Chuan as private secretary and finally became the chamberlain of the Heir Apparent, enjoying the high favour of Prince Chao Ming of Liang.

Liu Hsieh was a devout Buddhist from his early years. In the capital most of the tablets at the Buddhist pagodas and temples as well as the cenotaphs of the outstanding monks were written by him. Towards his last years he was instructed by the emperor to copy sutras and upon completion he had his hair and beard burnt out, begging to become a Buddhist monk. This request being granted, he assumed the Buddhist name of Hui-ti. Soon after this he died.

His chief purpose in writing the *Wen Hsien Tiao Lung* are two-fold: one is to condemn the literary over-embellishing as prevailing in his time, and the other is to advocate realism. His idea is, literature should be the genuine expression of one's true feelings, and that unfelt groanings and exaggerated ornaments should be all swept away. He says, 'The classic poets make poems convey their feelings, but modern poets make feelings for their poems . . . So,

some there are who, though bent upon high office at the court, sing vainly of country life; and others, whose hearts are in this world, talk much of the Another World. These people are untruthful—merely hypocrites.'

Though Liu Hsieh was not satisfied with the literary style of his time, he was very fair in his attitude and argument. He used neither libellous language nor flattery to seek publicity. Even though he was opposed to being over-rhetorical, he did by no means dispense with embellishing altogether, for his work is still rich with parallel phrases, and the very name of

the book, 'the carving of dragons' means something of fine workmanship.

The original work comprises 50 chapters, being divided into two parts. The first part gives the principles of literature and the evolution of literary style, while the 24 chapters in the second part deal with the principles of rhetoric and the practical art of writing. The last chapter serves as an introduction stating the great purpose and the lofty ideals of the author. According to competent critics, the *Wen Hsin Tiao Lung* is not without its minor flaws; nevertheless it has ever since remained a masterpiece of Chinese literary criticism.

Lin Kuen

Cave Paintings at Tunhuang

Buddhist Cave Paintings at Tunhuang

by Basil Gray, illustrated with photographs by J. B. Vincent
(Faber & Faber, London, 1959. 6 gns.)

THE Tunhuang gallery is one of China's national treasures of cave-paintings, which has attracted world-wide attention. Indeed it has become so well-known that recommendation is no longer necessary.

The present volume is evidently the result of long, patient study, and it is very well-illustrated with photographs taken by Mr and Mrs John B. Vincent. It contains a preface by Arthur Waley, who is himself no ordinary judge of Chinese painting.

Since the rediscovery of the treasure-trove dozens of books have been written on it by Chinese as well as by foreign scholars, but it must be said with regret that due to ignorance and neglect of former Chinese officials some parts of the priceless treasure have been pillaged by foreigners, and are now used in decorating many a museum abroad. It is only during the past decade or so that a thorough restoration work was undertaken, and now every care is taken for the perfect preservation of Tunhuang.

Mr Basil Gray visited Tunhuang in 1957 and made a study of the caves. As a result of careful study and with the help of the inscriptions, he was enabled to make in this book a

chronological classification of many of the paintings according to the period in which they were made; and in this way the traces of development are made discernible, especially the early Indian influence from the time of the Wei dynasty down to the breach caused by the Tibetan invasion (777). Then art in Tunhuang descended to the level of a provincial art, quite different from what it had been in the previous periods (chiefly the 6th-7th centuries which marked the apex of the Tunhuang artistic flowering, at least as regards quality). During the Sui dynasty, the Persian influence along with that of India was also felt.

The author also gives special consideration to the landscape in the frescoes, and traces with great accuracy the various trends. Then follow the plates, in which the subjects treated are explained in details. On the whole the book is so well written that it can be read with delight and profit by artists, art students or the general reader.

The bibliography is rich and comprises a vast literature accumulated on this subject since the rediscovery of the Tunhuang Caves.

J. Y. Chang

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

We have already published in our journal some views of Asia through Asian and non-Asian eyes. In this issue we present a view of life in Britain through the eyes of an Asian poet. 'An Asian Views Life in Britain' gives us quite a lot of live information on British lives. A Modern Marco Polo will tell us in the next issue of his observations on the European continent.

'Autumn and Spring' is a dance theme which the poet offered to Madame Tamami Gojō, a distinguished Japanese classical dancer. Prof Edmund Blunden is now writing some notes on his recent journey to Japan to be published soon in this journal.

John Blofeld is a Buddhist and a writer. He is the translator of *The Zen Teachings of Huang Po* and author of *The Wheel of life*, *The Jewel in the Lotus*, etc. His article 'Some Siamese Women' appeared in *Eastern Horizon*, Vol. 1, No. 3. *People of the Sun*, his new book on modern Siam, was recently published in London by Hutchinson.

Robin Maneely is a Senior Lecturer in the Department of Anatomy, University of Hong Kong.

A. H. Johns is the author of *The Novel as a Guide to Indonesian Social History* (Bijdragen, 1959). Dr Johns is now teaching at Canberra University College, Australia.

Chu Feng, our Bangkok correspondent, is a Chinese scholar living in Thailand.

Cedric Belfrage, British writer and veteran journalist, has just completed a new work on a historical theme scheduled to be published in the USA by Doubleday & Doran of New York.

T. D. Chen is a staff writer of this journal.

Cha Fu-hsi, author of 'Chin: the Chinese Lute,' is a celebrated chin player himself.

Margaret Garland is a New Zealand authoress and artist.

Lewis Gen is a Chinese scholar who has lived for a number of years in Japan.

Lin Kuen and J. Y. Chang are new members of the Editorial staff of *Eastern Horizon*.

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Edmund Blunden
in *The Yomiuri*, Tokyo

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